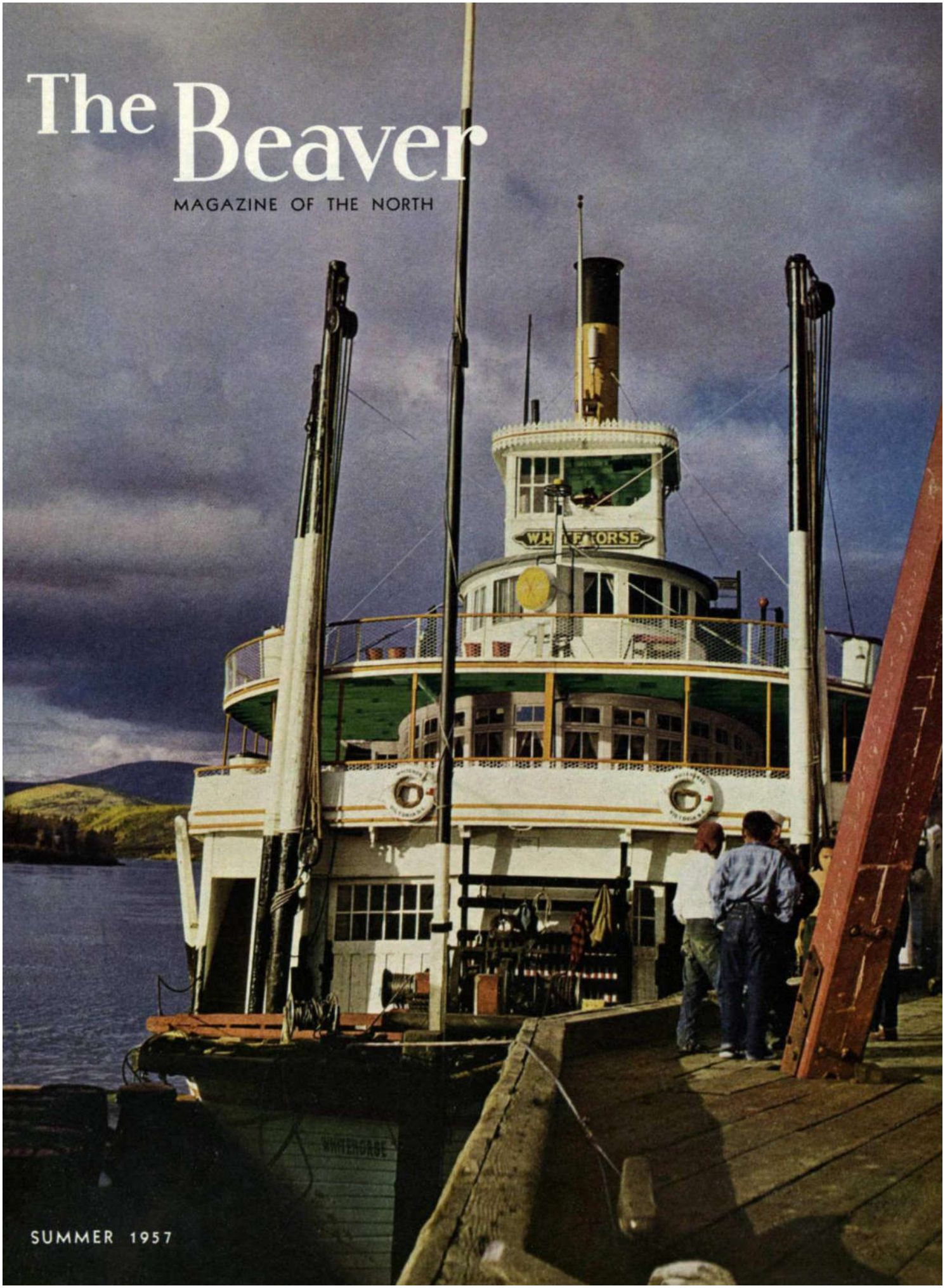
The Beaver

MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH



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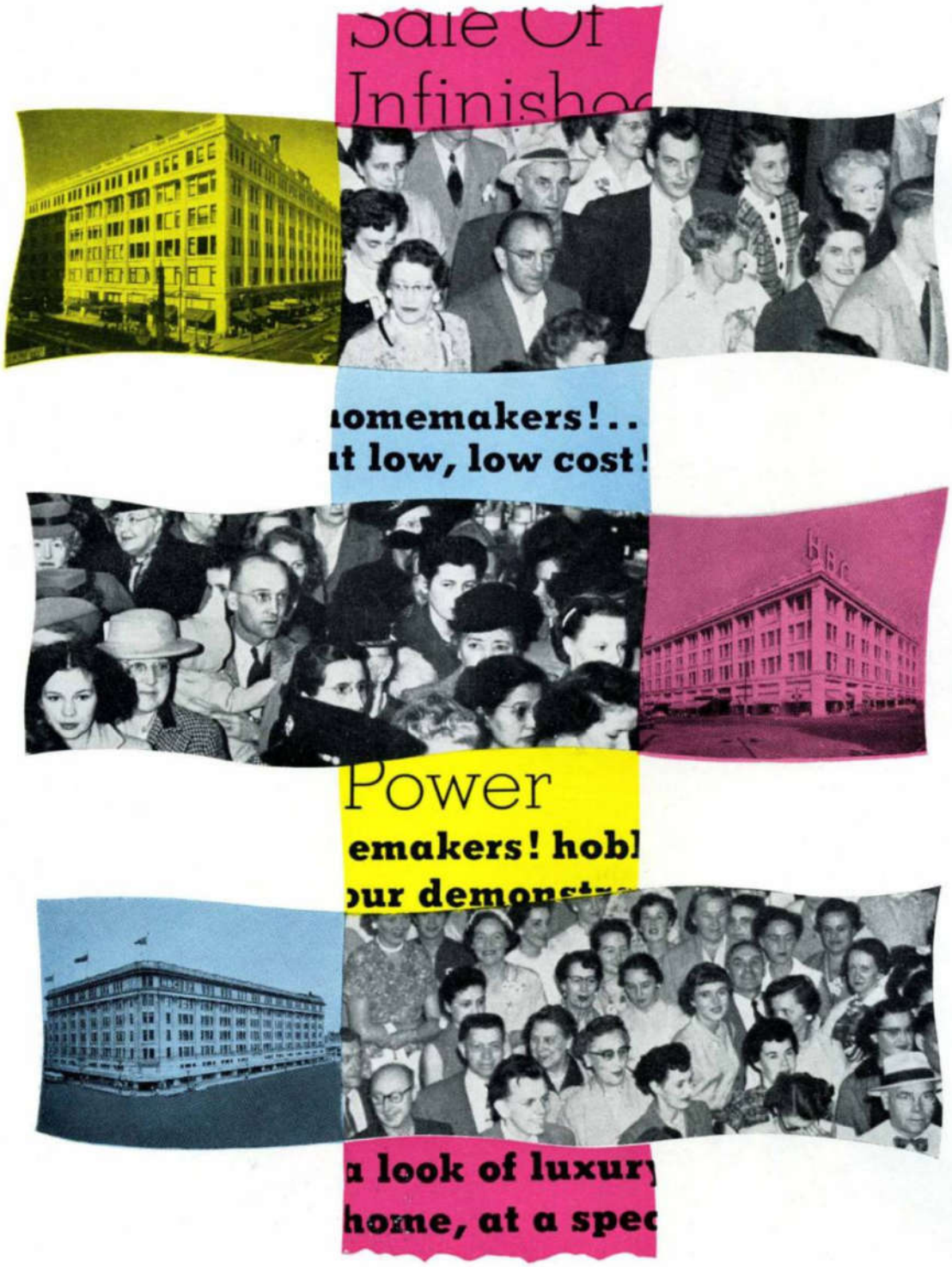

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Yukon River Steamboat — Photograph by Rosemary Gilliat

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by John D. Harbron

FROM Juan de Fuca to Revillagigedo! What adventures of stormy seas and dangerous uncharted inlets along the British Columbia coast these names spelled out for those early Spanish explorers making their way up the Pacific Coast 160 years ago. And what stories there must be lingering behind such names as Caamano Sound, Valdes Island and Gonzales Point, all of which are found on the long coastline between the Strait of Juan de Fuca and Revillagigedo Island, the northernmost limit of Spanish coastal explorations.

At first glance, these Spanish names sound like a geography lesson about a Latin American country. But it isn't. All these Spanish place names and many more can be found on any present-day map of the B.C. coast.

Why Spanish names for some of the older and more prominent coastal projections of British Columbia? Had not B.C.'s past in these early times been interwoven with British institutions such as the Hudson's Bay Company, the Royal Navy, the Royal Engineers and colonial government? Was not the great island of Vancouver named after George Vancouver, the British explorer and cartographer who mapped these parts in those early times?

All this of course, is true. But in the two decades before the arrival of the British sea navigators in force, and the overland discoveries of the fur traders, the Spanish explorers and map makers, sent north by the viceroys of New Spain, held sway.

Even the name Vancouver Island is not sacrosanct in its British origin. Because in the late 18th century, the island was originally known as Quadra and Vancouver's Island, named so jointly by the great British and Spanish explorers of the island's waters, who had become firm friends.

To most Canadians, even to most British Columbians, the Spanish exploration of the west coast of this country remains shrouded in the ignorance which still so often surrounds our early history. Few of the citizens of the west coast province or visitors to it who stay at Nanaimo's fine Malaspina Hotel, walk along Quadra Street in Victoria, or invest in the new iron mines on Texada Island, ever wonder who Malaspina, Quadra and Texada were.

But between 1774 and 1792, intermittent explorations, map making and land claims on behalf of the king of Spain, and contacts with coastal Indians, were carried out by a series of hardy, adventurous and in every sense, intrepid Spanish naval officers and seamen. Most of them were very young men and all were junior officers, some holding only the rank of sub-lieutenant in the Royal Spanish Navy.

Some, like Juan Josef Pérez Hernández, who made the first major trip to the B.C. coast in 1774, had served on the lucrative trans-Pacific Manila-Acapulco treasure ship route. Pérez had explored the coast of Northern California, at that time a part of Spanish America. Others like Lieutenant Cayetano Valdés, who explored the passages between Vancouver Island and the mainland, rose to high rank. Valdés was one of the senior flag officers who fought in the Spanish Fleet against Nelson at Trafalgar.

ards on the Coast

SPANISH EXPLORERS LEFT MANY PLACE NAMES THAT ARE FOUND IN BRITISH COLUMBIA TODAY.

Behind them stood energetic, far-seeing and exploratory-minded viceroys of Nueva Espana (New Spain) whose autocratic and supreme control extended over all of present-day Mexico, Central America and the southwestern United States. One of these, the Conde de Revilla Gigedo is recalled in Revillagigedo Island, north of Prince Rupert.

These naval officers, their men and their viceroys came very largely from the coastal provinces of Spain. What Devon was to English seamen of the past, and Brittany and Normandy to Cartier and his heirs, so was Galicia to Spain's sea captains of the past. Even today in modern Spain, the Counts of Revilla Gigedo hold local sway in Galicia, in the northwest corner of the country.

What impulses sent these Spaniards north from the warm waters of the west coast of Mexico, the lush comforts of Acapulco and the mild winters of the Californian missions to the uncertain, treacherous, fog-bound waters of our west coast?

In the late 18th century not much was known of the northwest coasts of North America in spite of the Russian explorers who came down from the north and the Spanish explorers from the south who penetrated almost to the mouth of the Columbia River. Between the Californian missions in the far south and the snow-bound log forts of the Russian-American Fur Trading Co. at Sitka and other places, lay the tempting and unexplored coastline between the 55th and 48th parallels of latitude—that is, the coast from just north of the Queen Charlotte Islands to the southern end of Vancouver Island.

Either nation, frankly in competition, had much to gain from further investigation. Neither country thought of more than the immediate coastline. The vast interior continued entirely unknown and beyond the interest or knowledge of the men of this period. This was an era of coastal investigation only.

In May, 1773, the Conde de Lacey, Spanish Ambassador at St. Petersburg, sent a new Russian map of the Alaskan area home to Madrid. There, Carlos III, Spain's most progressive monarch of the 18th century, foreseeing future Russian claims southwards, despatched six young naval officers to the Department of San Blas on the Mexican west coast to assist the viceroy in new northern explorations.

For once, everything seemed to be in Spain's favour. The viceroy, like his monarch and the men he sent, was a man of vision. Antonio Bucareli y Ursua, Conde de Cordova, whose name is perpetuated in Cordova Bay, a residential district near Victoria, B.C., and in Bucareli Gulf, immediately organized expeditions as soon as the new officers arrived. From 1774 until 1792, when the last formal expedition was sent north, Spain left her mark on the coastal history of B.C. With the first expedition, which Pérez commanded, went Esteban José Martínez, whose later activities at Nootka Sound almost brought about a war between Spain and England. And with Hezeta who headed north in 1775, went perhaps the most famous Spanish west coast explorer, Juan Francisco de la Bodega y Quadra. Some of Pérez's names still linger on the maps. The San Cristobal Mountains of the Queen Charlottes

Mr. Harbron, who studied Spanish culture and language at the university, was formerly assistant professor of history at Royal Roads, Victoria. At present he is editor of one of the Maclean-Hunter publications in Toronto.

were named by him after the saint who was so tall. Bucareli Gulf he named after the viceroy who sent him north. Pérez proceeded south along the stormy west coast of Vancouver Island naming points and bodies of water. Most of these names have long since been replaced. But Estevan Point near Nootka remains so in name to this day.

The vessels these officers used were unbelievably small for the length of voyage and the stormy open waters of the west coast. For example, José Martínez took with him on his first command of an expedition, the *corbeta* or corvette *Princesa* and the snow *San Carlos*. These vessels of about 100 tons carried about 15 guns each. The *Princesa* had two masts and a large trysail. And they had to scrape their hulls, far from home, to keep them seaworthy. Lieutenant (later Admiral) Valdés who is mentioned above, writes in his diary about repairing ship at Nootka Harbour:

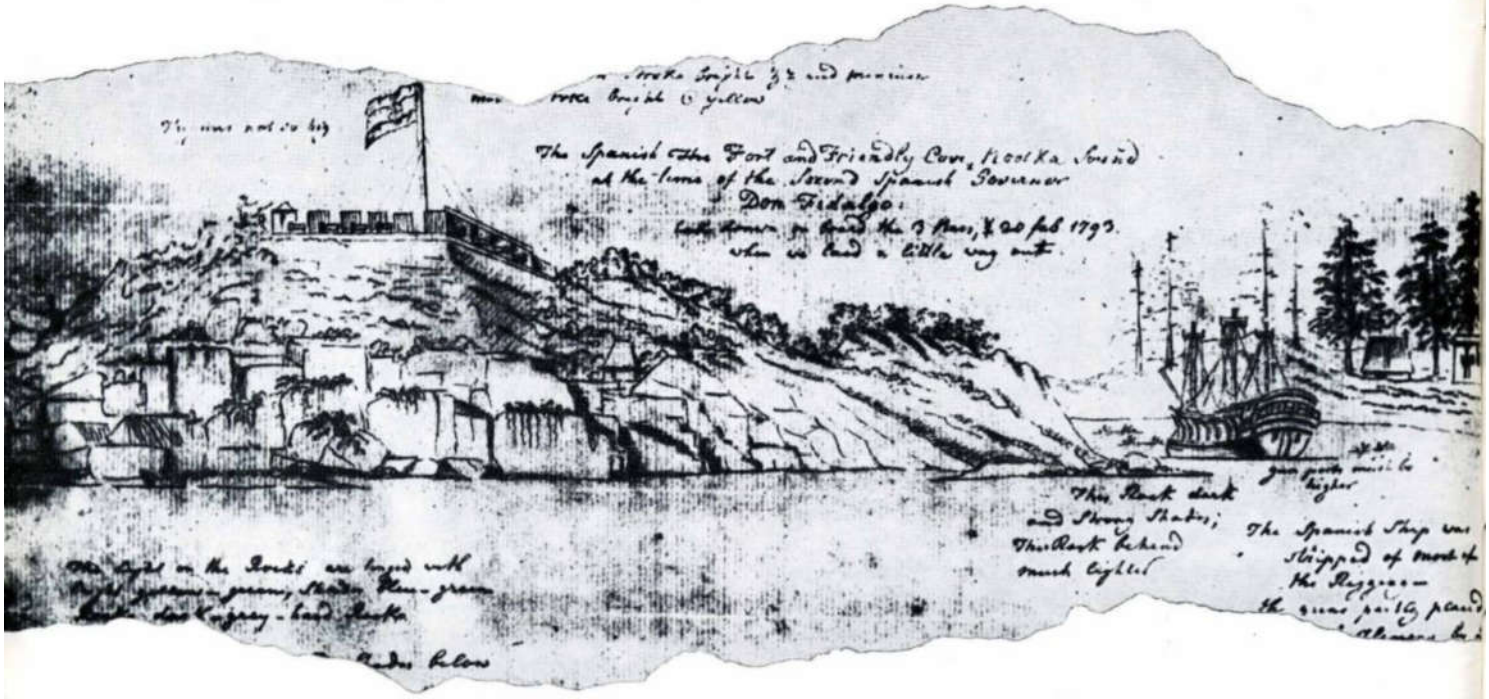
"On September 1st, 1792, we boot-topped the ship to clean her bottom and at one at night left port with a land wind. During the day, the latitudes had been measured by the English clocks in the English observatory at Nootka..."

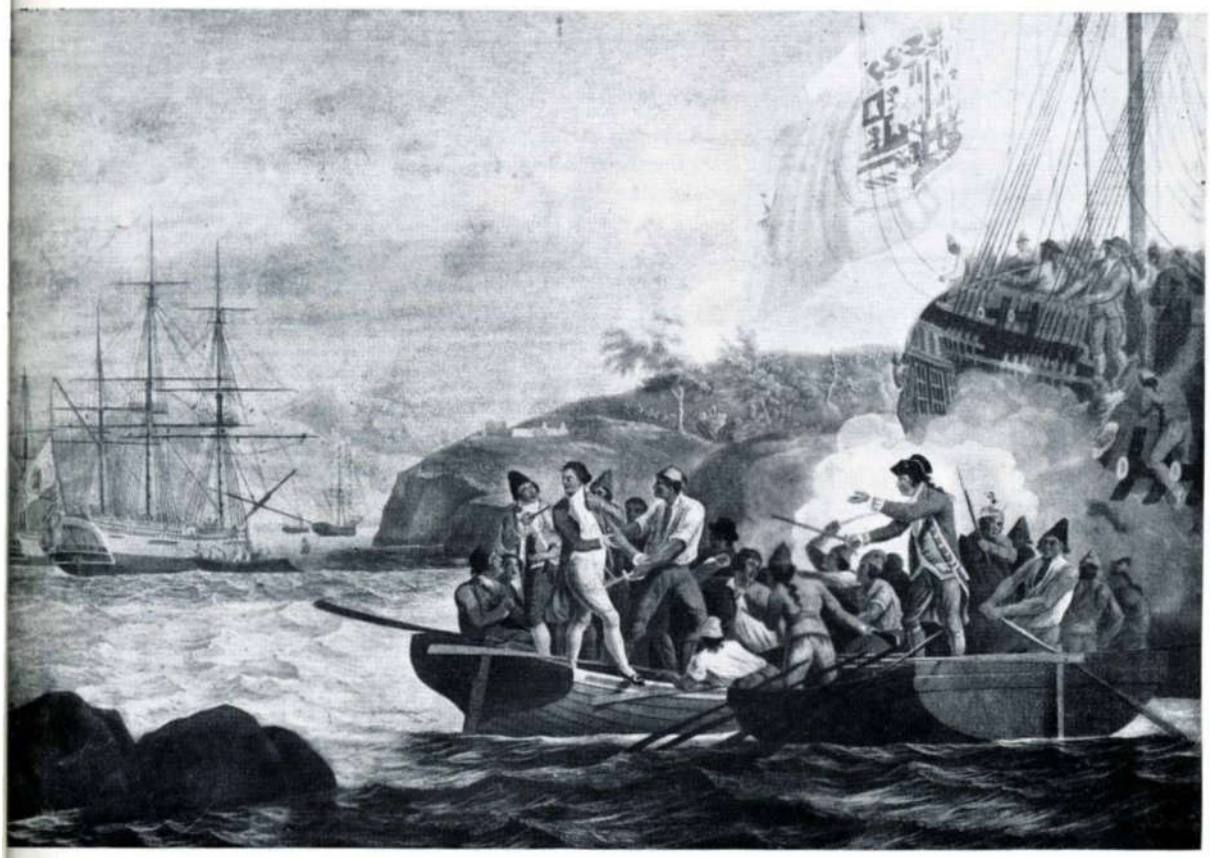
Between 1775 when Hezeta went north, and 1789 when Martínez left for Nootka, there were no organized explorations. Again, contact with the Russians spurred on the Spaniards to more than map making and chart reckoning. Now they must lay claim to coastal lands for the King of Spain if pelts were to be secured regularly. But this time the Russian news was more ominous. The Russian officer commanding at Three Saints Bay told Martínez that an English ship loaded with furs from Nootka had recently weighed anchor at Unalaska, a Russian fur-trading port. Martínez says in his diary that he wrote the viceroy suggesting that Nootka be seized at once.

In 1789 Martínez went north and did just this. However, four British vessels were in harbour at the time. Martínez rightly or wrongly seized them all. One of the captains, John Meares, on being released, filed a memorial in person with parliament and told the story of the Spanish seizures. In the meantime Martínez continued north as far as the Queen Charlottes and his pilot, José María Narváez explored the inlets which now make up Vancouver harbour. Two of the seized British ships were sent back to Mexico under prize crews.

However, diplomatic notes were flying on the seizure of Nootka. Spain, through the Marqués del Campo,

The Spanish fort at Friendly Cove, Nootka Sound, in Feb. 1793. The legend on the right reads: "The Spanish ship was stripped of most of the Rigging—the guns partly placed on the batteries by Don Fidalgo's orders." From the original sketch in the B.C. Archives.


The Spanish Fort and Friendly Cove, Nootka Sound
at the time of the Second Spanish Governor
Don Fidalgo.
when we found a little very out.



Don Esteban Martinez seizes Capt. Colnett of the British ship "Argonaut," Nootka Sound, 1789. B.C. Archives

Spanish Ambassador at the court of George III, claimed the valuable sea otter inlet for Spain using Pérez's Spanish name of San Lorenzo for the area in his brief. The English were furious, in spite of the fact that Meares, the original source of information had earlier flown the Portuguese flag on a British ship to elude Spanish investigation in Spanish-American coastal waters. The British mustered a fleet at Spithead and threatened Spain. The Spanish, ever mindful of the strength of British sea power, retreated and signed the Nootka Convention of 1790.

The surrender of Nootka was placed in the hands of the most intrepid of all the Spanish explorers, Juan Francisco de la Bodega y Quadra. Bodega y Quadra was a veteran of the sea wars long before 1790. He had fought against England at sea and especially at Havana in 1762 which the British captured and held for one year. He was a Peruvian and knew west coast waters well. He was a born sailor, a humanitarian and a gentleman in the old Castilian sense.

In those days it took months, even years, for a treaty about an area half way 'round the world to be consummated. Thus the years 1791 and 1792 were spent by Bodega y Quadra and Captain George Vancouver, the British representative, in determining just what was to be handed over. But through it, there developed a deep friendship between Spaniard and Briton. Frequent parties were held by Spanish and British officers on each other's ships. Vancouver's surgeon even cured the Spanish commander's boils. Vancouver later wrote concerning the origin of the name for Vancouver Island which both navigators explored, mapped and charted for their own countries:

"Quadra had very earnestly requested that I would name some port or island after us both, to commemorate our meeting and the very friendly intercourse that had taken place . . . between us. I named that country the island of Quadra and Vancouver, with which compliment he seemed highly pleased."

During the years it took to settle the Nootka terms, 1790-1792, other Spaniards mapped our west coast and recorded observations. The years 1791 and 1792 were very active. In 1941, the Canadian Pacific Ry. remembered one of the explorers of 1791-92 who, ". . . was so forgotten that few have heard his name and fewer still can pronounce it." So in Vancouver's sesquicentennial year they named Narvaez Drive, a street overlooking English Bay, in honour of the explorer of their harbour and of Clayoquot Sound. One of the explorers of 1791 whose name is all but unknown, made the first detailed anthropological notes of B.C. Indian

life. This is what Pantoja y Arriaga had to say about Indian canoe construction, decades before another was to do the same:

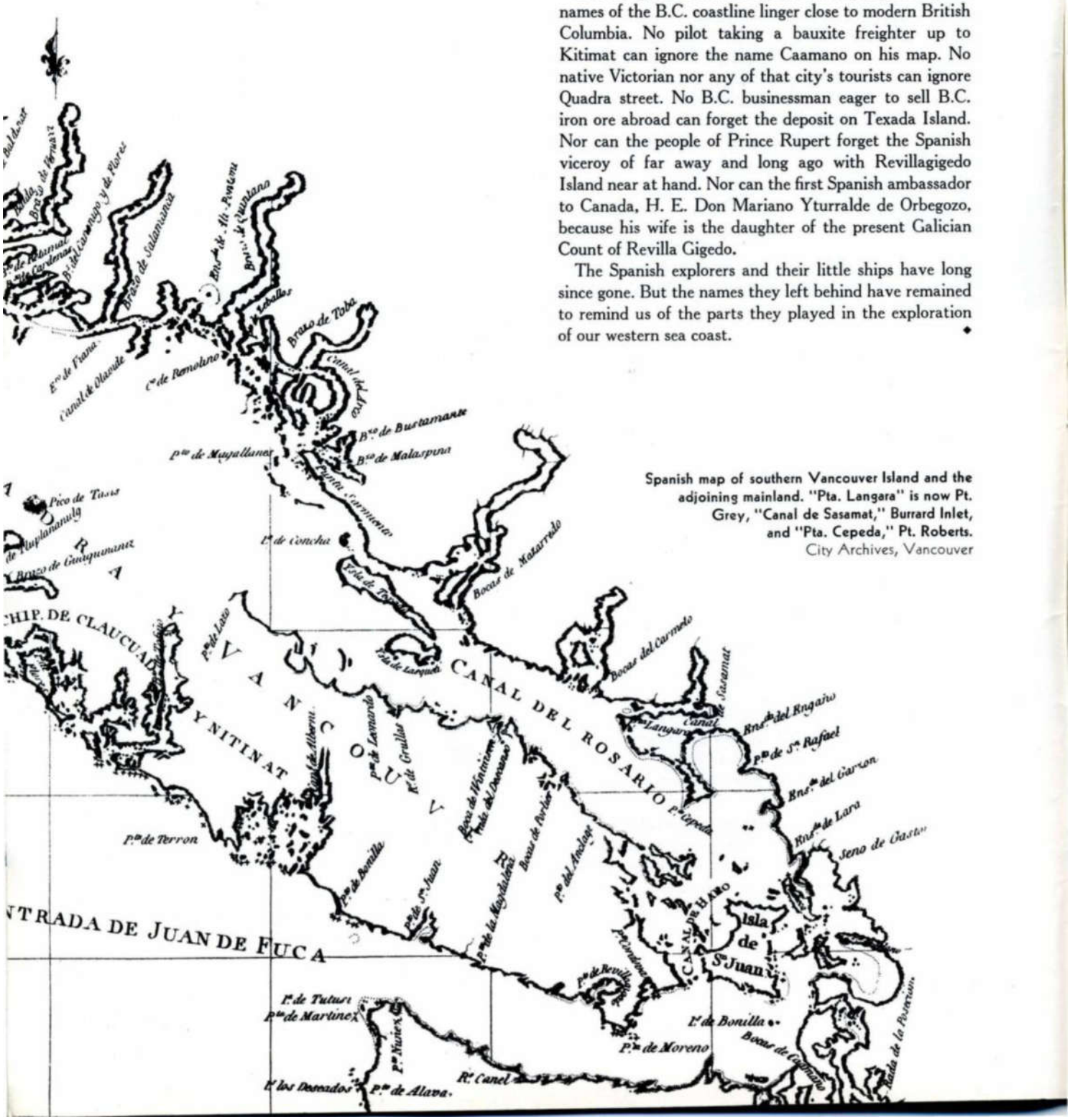
"The canoes were made of a single piece except the bow and the poop which are added but perfectly fitted. They are larger than usual, those which they call war canoes being so large and fine that they can carry 50 men. . . ."

One of the last large Spanish exploration expeditions was that of Jacinto Caamano who left San Blas in March, 1792 and arrived off Nootka 7 weeks later. If you will look carefully at your B.C. map of today you will find his name at Caamano Sound which leads to the Douglas Channel at whose far end sits Kitimat, the fabulous aluminum town.

By 1793, Spanish coastal explorations had waned. And on June 22nd that year, when Alexander Mackenzie touched on Pacific Ocean waters at Dean Channel, western Canadian exploration entered a new phase. The day of the overland explorer and the settler of the interior of the province was just dawning.

But today, more than 150 years later, the Spanish place names of the B.C. coastline linger close to modern British Columbia. No pilot taking a bauxite freighter up to Kitimat can ignore the name Caamano on his map. No native Victorian nor any of that city's tourists can ignore Quadra street. No B.C. businessman eager to sell B.C. iron ore abroad can forget the deposit on Texada Island. Nor can the people of Prince Rupert forget the Spanish viceroy of far away and long ago with Revillagigedo Island near at hand. Nor can the first Spanish ambassador to Canada, H. E. Don Mariano Yturralde de Orbegozo, because his wife is the daughter of the present Galician Count of Revilla Gigedo.

The Spanish explorers and their little ships have long since gone. But the names they left behind have remained to remind us of the parts they played in the exploration of our western sea coast. ◆


CANAL DEL ROSARIO
Isla de S. Juan
Seno de Caamaño
Pto de Terron
Pto de Martinez
Pto de Alava
Pto de Moreno
Pto de Langara
Pto de S. Rafael
Pto de Lara
Pto de Bonilla
Pto de Revillagigedo
Pto del Anclage
Pto de Leiva
Pto de Leonardo
Pto de Grulles
Pto de S. Juan
Pto de la Magdalena
Pto de Bustamante
Pto de Malaspina
Pto de Magallanes
Pto de Cordova
Pto de Cloncha
Pto de Larquita
Pto de Tejada
Pto de Tofiño
Pto de Remolino
Pto de Frasa
Pto de Tasso
Pto de Tutusi
Pto de los Descados
Pto del Carmelo
Pto de Galiano
Canal de Sasamat
Canal de Langara
Canal de Bustamante
Canal de Remolino
Canal de Frasa
Canal de Tofiño
Canal de Alaminos
Canal de Caamaño
Canal de Lopez de Haro
Brazo de Tofiño
Brazo de Salamanca
Brazo de Galiano
Brazo de Valdes
Brazo de Cardenas
Brazo de Florez
Brazo de Quadra
Brazo de Galiano
Bocas de Malaspina
Bocas del Carmelo
Bocas de Porlier
Bocas de Galiano
Bocas de Valdes
Bocas de Florez
Bocas de Cardenas
Bocas de Quadra
Bocas de Salamanca
Bocas de Vancouver
Bocas de Lopez de Haro
Bocas de Tofiño
Bocas de Alaminos
Bocas de Caamaño
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Bocas de Grulles
Bocas de Bustamante
Bocas de Langara
Bocas de S. Rafael
Bocas de Lara
Bocas de Bonilla
Bocas de Moreno
Bocas de Martinez
Bocas de Tutusi
Bocas de Alava

The 1857 Report of the Select Committee is a mine of information on the Company's fur trade empire of that time.

SPOTLIGHT ON HBC

by Walter N. Sage

A FADED old folio volume dating from 1857 throws light on the policies and activities of the Hudson's Bay Company a century ago. It is the "*Report from the Select Committee of the Hudson's Bay Company Together with the Proceedings of the Committee, Minutes of Evidence, Appendix and Index:* Ordered by The House of Commons to be Printed 31 July and 11 August 1857."

At this time the Company, either by charter or lease, controlled vast territories stretching from Labrador to the Pacific, and west of the Lake of the Woods from the international boundary to the Arctic. The northern and western boundaries of the Province of Canada had never been accurately defined nor had the Hudson's Bay Company ever shown any great zeal that they should be. The Oregon Treaty of 1846 had established the international boundary from the Rockies to the Pacific Ocean, leaving all Vancouver Island in British hands.

This vast fur trading empire was officially controlled by the Governor and Committee in London. Actually it was under the sway of Sir George Simpson, Governor-in-Chief in North America, assisted, more or less, by the members of the Council of the Northern Department of Rupert's Land. These extensive territories were roughly divisible into three portions: Rupert's Land, held under the Charter of 1670; the Indian Territory in the Arctic and Pacific drainage areas; and Vancouver Island.

There were two settlements, Red River established by Lord Selkirk in 1811-12, and Vancouver Island created by Royal Grant in 1849. It was claimed that certain other portions of these territories, the Saskatchewan country and possibly the lower Fraser valley, were suitable for settlement. Officials of the Company flatly denied that this was the case.

The Select Committee was instructed "to consider the State of those British Possessions in North America which are under the Administration of the Hudson's Bay Company or over which they possess a Licence to Trade." There was need for such an investigation. The validity of the Company's charter had often been called into question, and although legal opinion had usually favoured the Company, no official ruling had recently been made by the law officers of the Crown nor had the British Parliament made any definite pronouncement on this subject since it had confirmed the Charter in 1690. The Licence to Trade granted in 1821 to the reorganized Hudson's Bay Company, renewed in 1838 for 21 years, would expire in 1859. There were complaints from the settlers in Red River, whose spokesman in England was A. K. Isbister, a native of Rupert's Land. Conditions on Vancouver Island were far more satisfactory and the Royal Grant of 1849 could be terminated in 1859. Above all, American expansionist dreams and Canadian claims to the Northwest had to be considered.

To the Americans the vast uninhabited stretches of British North America were very enticing. "Manifest Destiny" was then in its hey-day. After taking over the southern half of Old Oregon, along with all of Texas, and the Mexican cession of 1848, including California, the American Republic was showing some interest in northwest expansion. Minnesota was quite anxious to extend north into the Red River Settlement.

Canada was also casting covetous eyes towards the Northwest. George Brown in the *Globe* and William Mc-

Dr. Sage is the former head of the Department of History at the University of British Columbia.

Sir *G. Simpson.*

26 February 1857.

1035. Mr. *Edward Ellice.*] That was maintained through the last war, was it not, in order that there should be no disturbance among the Indians?—Yes.

1036. *Chairman.*] Was any inconvenience sustained before this arrangement was made with regard to the management of the Indians, inasmuch as it was found that spirits were introduced among them by parties competing with one another for the fur trade?—Yes, there was a great abuse of spirituous liquors.

1037. Was that the main inducement to you and to the Russian Company to make this arrangement?—It was not the principal inducement, but it was one of the inducements. A year or two afterwards I entered into an arrangement at Sitka with the Governor of Sitka that the use of spirituous liquors should be entirely prohibited. A murderous scene took place under our own eyes at Sitka, arising from a debauch among the Indians, and we came to an agreement then that liquor should no longer be introduced into the country

1038. Mr. *Kinnaird.*] Has that agreement been rigidly kept on their part?—It has been rigidly kept, I believe, by them as well as by us.

Part of a page from the Report. Sir George Simpson is being questioned by three of the committee. "The last war" is the Crimean.

Dougall in the *North American* had for years been attacking the Hudson's Bay Company and urging the acquisition of its territories by Canada. In 1857 Chief Justice W. H. Draper was sent by the Canadian Government to attend the sessions of the Select Committee, to watch over Canada's interests and to advance her claims to the great lone lands of the west.

It was in Red River, however, that the greatest reaction was formed against the Company's rules and its monopoly of trade. Lord Selkirk's heirs, in 1834, agreed to sell out their rights in the settlement to the Hudson's Bay Company, and the formal "reconveyance" took place on May 4, 1836. From 1821 on the Company had attempted to enforce its strict trading monopoly, but Governor Bulger of Assiniboia had objected. Even greater opposition came from the *métis* or half-bloods. The American Fur Company with its posts at Pembina and Grand Forks was a keen competitor for the furs from Red River. In spite of the Company's regulations—more rigidly enforced after 1835—by 1843 there was a regular "line" of Red River carts going south from Pembina to St. Paul. Norman W. Kittson was manager in northern Minnesota for the American Fur Company, and in 1849 the headquarters of that company were located in St. Paul. By this time the smuggling trade to the south was exceedingly profitable.

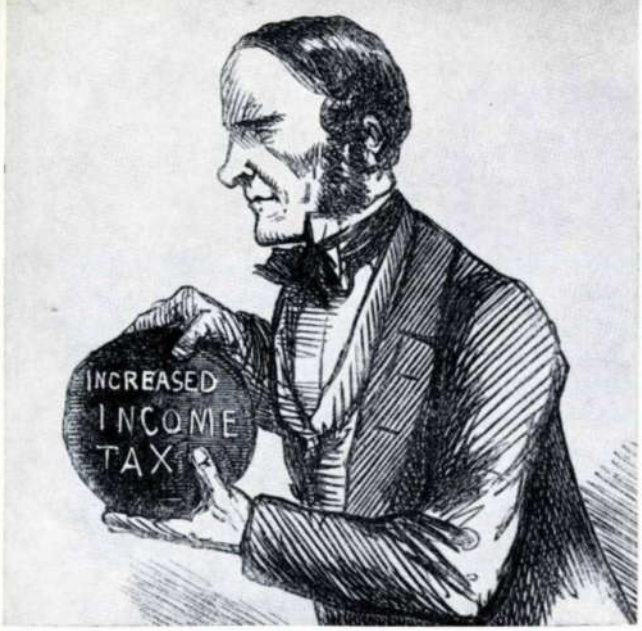
The officials of the Company in Red River decided to make a test case. In the spring of 1849 Guillaume Sayer and three other *métis* were placed on trial, charged with illegal trafficking in furs. An armed demonstration led by Louis Riel Sr., father of the Louis Riel of the 1870 and 1885 uprisings, so intimidated the judges that Sayer, although found guilty, by the jury, was allowed to go unpunished. It was a great moral victory for the *métis*.

It was increasingly evident that, sooner or later, the British Government and the Imperial Parliament would have to take action regarding the Hudson's Bay Company. After many delays the Cabinet decided to make a Parliamentary investigation.

On February 5, 1857, Henry Labouchère, Secretary of State for the Colonies in Lord Palmerston's first administration, moved for the appointment of a Select Committee of the House of Commons to consider the problems raised by the Company's administration and trading monopoly in British North America. After considerable debate, during which Edward Ellice, M.P., declared that it was evident that some of the honourable members knew very little about the subject, Labouchère's motion was passed. The Select Committee was duly appointed on February 13, 1857, with Labouchère as chairman. Included among the nineteen members were Lord John Russell, Sir John Pakington, William Ewart Gladstone, Robert Lowe, J. A. Roebuck, Edward Ellice and Charles Fitzwilliam. The last two, Ellice and Fitzwilliam, also gave evidence before the Committee.

Labouchère had carefully chosen a strong committee which worked very hard. Between February 8 and July 31 nineteen sessions were held, at fourteen of which witnesses were examined. Most of the witnesses had personal knowledge of the Hudson's Bay Company's territories, but the two important Canadians, John Ross and Chief Justice W. H. Draper, had only been as far west as Lake Superior.

A perusal of the Minutes of Evidence leaves one with a real feeling of respect for the members of the Select Committee. Few of the questioners, with the notable exception of Edward Ellice, had any personal knowledge of the Company's territories, methods and problems, but the questions were searching and aimed at the securing of factual information. Many of the members of the Committee were "old Parliamentary hands." Although some of the leaders, for example Lord John Russell and W. E. Gladstone, did not attend nearly all the sessions, on the whole the attendance rate was very high. Labouchère



Mr. Gladstone, as represented in a "Punch" cartoon of 1860.

usually began the questioning of the witness, but the other members were not slow in following his lead.

As might be expected the chief witness was Sir George Simpson. The members of the Committee showed him very little mercy, and his lengthy evidence, given on February 26 and March 2, occupies over sixty pages in the report. Hon. Arthur Gordon quoted a passage from Simpson's *Narrative of a Journey around the World* in which it was stated that the district between the Lake of the Woods and Rainy Lake was described in flowery language as being eminently suitable for agriculture. Sir George had to admit that he had overrated the importance of the district "as a country for settlement." Simpson was, however, an extremely valuable witness because of his enormous knowledge of the whole of the vast territories. His evidence was nonetheless "slanted" against settlement and in favour of preserving the *status quo*. His role was that of a chief executive who finds himself in a very difficult position and displays great ingenuity in trying to dodge leading questions. Probably he knew that he was fighting a losing battle and on the whole he fought it well. He sometimes contradicted himself. Having said, for example, that there was no available agricultural land on the mainland opposite Vancouver Island and north of the international boundary, Simpson was forced, by cross questioning, to admit that the Hudson's Bay Company had a farm near Fort Langley and that there was other good land in the vicinity. If Sir George could only see the agricultural riches of the lower Fraser valley today!

The counsel for the defence was Edward Ellice. His questions were skilful and usually framed either to help the Company or at least to tone down the more awkward queries. On the stand he was extremely cautious, but, at the same time, a mine of information. Even Sir George Simpson had not the personal knowledge of the earlier period which Ellice possessed. It was in 1803 that Ellice first arrived in Canada and became interested in the fur trade. He was connected with the North West Company from 1805 till the union of 1821. Whenever possible he protected the interests of the Hudson's Bay Company, but his chief aim was to bring out the facts and to provide the Committee with all available information. He had already indicated in his speech in Parliament on February 5th that "the appointment of the proposed Committee met with the approval of the Company, who wished to afford every facility in their power for ensuring the best possible settlement of the questions which the Committee would have to consider."

Both Simpson and Ellice backed the Hudson's Bay Company with great vigour, but not always with outstanding success. The case for the Company was well presented by several other witnesses. Lt.-Col. J. H. Lefroy, R.A., who had spent two years in scientific investigation in the North, testified that the Hudson's Bay Company's traders, so far as his observations went, treated the Indians with signal kindness and humanity. He had never mingled with a body of men whose general qualities seemed to him more entitled to respect. Dr. John Rae, the Arctic explorer, who had been for several years connected with the Hudson's Bay Company, opposed the opening up of the fur trade to all comers on the grounds that it would demoralize the Indians and would lead to indiscriminate slaughter of the fur bearing animals—an opinion which was echoed in paragraph 11 of the committee's report.

Sir John Richardson, C.B., who had accompanied Sir John Franklin in 1819 and 1825, and had conducted a search for the Franklin expedition in 1848 and 1849, testified that the northern Indians were well treated by the Company's traders and that throughout his journey in 1848-9 the country was peaceable from one end to the other. He noted a great improvement in the condition of the Indians during the past twenty years.

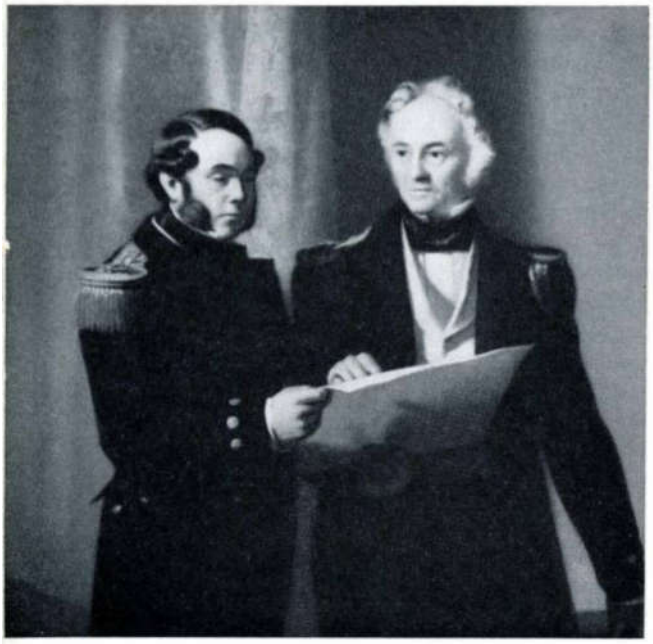
The Rt.-Rev. David Anderson, D.D., Bishop of Rupert's Land, who had resided for seven years in the Red River Settlement and had visited Moose Factory and English River, was of the opinion that the present system was efficient and productive of a larger amount of good among the Indians than he had expected when he went out to his diocese. Col. J. F. Crofton who had been in command of a special detachment of British troops in Red River during 1846-8, testified that the Company's administration was efficient and that justice was well administered. Crofton even scored off that loquacious opponent of the Company, J. A. Roebuck, on a point of law.

Rear-Admiral Sir George Back, who had also accompanied Sir John Franklin in 1819 and in 1825, and who had in 1833-5 commanded an expedition in search of Sir John

Ross and his companions, praised the efficiency of the Hudson's Bay Company. He stated that without the Company's aid the Indians would have starved to death.

The testimony of these witnesses is important as indicating that the Company's policy and rule was not as defective as had often been charged. Its efficiency seems to have been greatest in the Indian Territory beyond the regions of possible settlement.

The attack on the Hudson's Bay Company was led by A. K. Isbister, the unofficial spokesman for the inhabitants of Red River; Richard Blanshard and James Cooper who recounted their experiences on Vancouver Island; and by



Rear-Admiral Sir George Back was one of the witnesses favourable to the Company's regime. He is shown (left) with Sir W. E. Parry, in a painting by Stephen Pearce, at the time of the Franklin Search. Natl. Portrait Gallery

J. A. Roebuck, a member of the committee who had Canadian connections. The Canadians were chiefly interested in protecting Canada's interests in the Northwest, but one of them, John Ross, the president of the Grand Trunk Railway, had plans for linking the Northwest by rail with Canada.

A. K. Isbister testified that he considered the management of the Hudson's Bay Company to be "unfavourable to the development of the resources of the country, and also to the enlightenment and progress in civilisation of the inhabitants." He blamed the Company for retarding settlement and for interfering with the efforts of the Red River settlers to trade with the United States. He claimed to be specially interested in the opening up of a "commercial line of communication from the Red River to Canada." Isbister favoured the taking over of the Northwest by Canada but thought Vancouver Island should be a separate colony.

Richard Blanshard, first Governor of Vancouver Island, and James Cooper, whom Blanshard had appointed a member of the council of Vancouver Island, gave evidence which was highly damaging to the Hudson's Bay Company. Hon. Charles Fitzwilliam, who had spent the winter of 1852-3 in Oregon and on Vancouver Island was also very critical of the Company's management and policy in that far-off, neglected colony. Throughout the investigation J. A. Roebuck never lost an opportunity of pointing out the shortcomings of the Company.

William Kernaghan of Chicago, an American of Irish birth, also gave evidence in which he contrasted the slow growth of the Red River Settlement with the rapid progress of Minnesota Territory. For twenty years the population of Red River had remained at about the same figure, but Minnesota in four years had increased from 6,000 to 180,000 inhabitants. John McLaughlin, an independent trader who had lived in Red River as a settler for about five years, testified that he had been persecuted by the Hudson's Bay Company, especially in the imposition of prohibitive duties on goods imported from the United States. He stated that he had been imprisoned in England on a charge of libel, but had been freed of the charge by the Criminal Court in the Old Bailey.

Slowly, but surely, as the investigation proceeded, the case against the Hudson's Bay Company became clearer. It has been claimed that the committee was hostile to the Company, but this is doubtful. Certain members of the committee were probably prejudiced against the Hudson's Bay Company, but on the whole the proceedings do not indicate any strong bias either for or against the Company. The committee displayed a genuine desire to get at the facts and sought to base the *Report* on the evidence presented.

On July 24, 1857 the committee met to consider the drafting of their Report. The chairman submitted one draft and Samuel Christy another. In addition W. E. Gladstone offered certain resolutions. The two drafts submitted did not vary to any great extent, and Labouchère's became the basis for the final official *Report*. It was, on the whole, more verbose and less clear-cut than Christy's. Labouchère favoured the cession to Canada of the Red River and Saskatchewan districts. Christy added Macken-

zie River district, but this suggestion was not included in the final *Report*. After several days of debate the Committee on July 31st accepted the final draft by a close vote of six to five. Colonel Percy Herbert, Alexander Matheson, Lord John Russell, Robert Lowe, Sir John Pakington and Lord Sandon voted in favour of accepting the *Report*. Lord Goderich, Samuel Christy, W. E. Gladstone, J. A. Roebuck and the Hon. Charles Fitzwilliam were opposed.

The Report, as submitted to and accepted by the House of Commons, was phrased as far as possible in general terms, but it did contain certain definite recommendations. It favoured the annexation to Canada of the Red River and Saskatchewan districts, provided that arrangements could be made suitable to Her Majesty's Government and to the Hudson's Bay Company. If Canada was unwilling "at a very early period" to take over the administration of Red River some temporary provision for its government might be found advisable. The connection of the Hudson's Bay Company with Vancouver Island should be terminated and a Crown colony should be established which should be extended to the habitable sections of the adjacent continent lying to the west of the Rocky Mountains. Those portions of the Indian Territory which were not fit for settlement should remain under the control of the Hudson's Bay Company, and in them the Company's monopoly should be retained. The question of the validity of the Company's charter should be referred to Her Majesty's Government and to the law officers of the Crown. In the last paragraph of the *Report* the Committee indulged "a confident hope that the Government will be enabled, in the next session of Parliament, to present a Bill which shall lay the foundation of an equitable and satisfactory arrangement, in the event, which we consider probable, of legislation being found necessary for the purpose."

Looking back after a century at the work of the Special Committee, certain important facts became increasingly evident. The first and most obvious is that the monopoly rule of the Hudson's Bay Company would inevitably cease and that the vast Northwest must be thrown open for settlement. The second is equally apparent. Vancouver Island and the adjacent mainland were, as soon as possible, to be removed from Company control. The Committee expected that the Hudson's Bay Company would preserve its trading rights and administer those portions of Rupert's Land and the Indian Territory which were unfit for settlement. But fate ruled otherwise. Canada had designs on all the Northwest and after 1867 the transfer of the old Hudson's Bay Territories east of the Rockies to the new Dominion was only a matter of time.

The great investigation of 1857 was a turning point in the history of the Hudson's Bay Company. It prepared the way for the reorganization of the Company in 1863. In that year the International Finance Society acquired a controlling interest in its affairs. Two outstanding British financial houses, Glyn, Mills and Company, and Baring Brothers, were prominent in the new organization. The new Governor of the Company, Sir Edmund Head, favoured the opening to settlers of the southern portion of Rupert's Land. A former Governor-General of the Province of Canada, Head was also committed to Canadian control of the Red River Settlement. The old days of monopoly had passed. The future of the Northwest, and as events were to prove, of British Columbia as well, lay with the new Dominion of Canada.

Rt. Rev. David Anderson, Bishop of Rupert's Land, also supported the H B C administration.

The 1857 Report may be compared with the more famous document submitted by the Earl of Durham. Just as Lord Durham's report led to responsible government, to federation and even pointed towards the creation of Dominion status, so the Select Committee of 1857 wrote "finis" to the rule of the fur traders in British North America. It prepared the way for the extension of Canada to the Pacific and to the Arctic, and thereby provided an opportunity for the development of a Canadian nation from sea to sea. ◆

JOHN WEST, PEGUIS

and P. Rindisbacher.

By Harry Shave

Paintings and documents of early Red River days have recently come to light.

ON an August day three years ago, John Taylor, a young Canadian officer in the Air Force, was waiting at the English village of North Luffenham for the aircraft that was to take him back to Canada. It was a Sunday, so he went to the morning service at the 13th-century parish church, where Canon L. P. Field was the rector. When the Canon saw the Canada badge on the young man's shoulder, he told him that he himself had connections with Canada, for he was a descendant of Rev. John West, first Church of England clergyman in Rupert's Land, who had gone out to the Red River Settlement—now Winnipeg—in 1820 and built the first Protestant church there. When Taylor said that he would soon be living on the Red River as a master at St. John's-Ravenscourt school, which had also been founded by John West, the Canon produced a yellowed manuscript book.

"This," he said, giving it to the officer, "is John West's original journal, describing his experiences in the Hudson's Bay Company territories from 1820 to 1823." And he then asked the young man to take it to Winnipeg and present it to St. John's Cathedral, the "lineal descendant," so to speak, of the church his ancestor had founded.

That night John Taylor left on the plane for Canada, clutching the precious document. At the school it was compared with the version of West's journal published in London in 1824, and various interesting additions and deletions in the printed version were noticed.

In due course the journal was formally presented to the cathedral; and in the correspondence that ensued between the archivist and Canon Field, it developed that the Canon owned various other historical treasures handed down to him from his ancestor which he would be willing to give to St. John's.

One of these was the probate of Mr. West's last will and testament, beautifully inscribed on two large pieces of parchment.* But the prize of the whole collection was a group of pictures—an original pencil sketch of the first little church, said to have been done by John West himself, and five little water colours of Indians and Eskimos, thought by Canon Field to have been done by Mr. West, but quite recently shown to be the work of the Swiss boy artist, Peter Rindisbacher. He was the first white man to depict the Indians of the Canadian Plains, and his work is now greatly sought after by collectors and museums.

West's journal tells how, in 1821, he went up from Red River to York Factory on Hudson Bay, and there met a party of Swiss settlers bound for the Selkirk Colony. At the time of leaving the United Kingdom, he said, there

Mr. Shave is archivist of St. John's Cathedral, Winnipeg.

*It was probated by a firm of lawyers with the incredibly Dickensian name of Iggulden, Puckle and Puckle.

Portrait of an Indian—quite possibly Peguis—done by Rindisbacher for Rev. John West. The original is about half the size of this reproduction. All five are shown here by permission of St. John's Cathedral.

Top: **Eskimo family, another of the West RIndisbachers, which is similar to the version in the Public Archives, shown below. The man holds a caribou antler, the woman what appears to be baleen.**

had been 171 of them, and six children were born on the voyage. At York Factory he baptised these children and married several Swiss couples, and later at Red River he was to christen Peter's little brother Frederic—the second child to be baptised in West's pioneer church.

The Swiss immigrants left York in two groups. John West and the Rindisbacher family were in the second group. West records that one man was drowned en route and several children died. Considering that these people were totally unaccustomed to such a primitive life, it would seem miraculous that there were no more causalties on that rigorous and dangerous journey.

"In crossing Winipic Lake," writes the diarist, "one of the boats was wrecked, but providentially no lives were lost. In consequence of this accident we were detained

at our encampment 6 or 7 days, without any other subsistance but grain." A picture of this wreck, done by young Rindisbacher, a lad of fifteen years at the time, is in the Public Archives at Ottawa.

Another of his water colours in the Archives is titled: "Arrival at the mouth of the Red River in North America, 47 N, and welcome from the Sautaux Indians, Nov. 1, 1821, after a river and sea voyage of 4836 English miles." Here was the encampment of the celebrated Chief Peguis,

Eskimo and sealskin float in a very small kyak, an improvement in the drawing of which has been suggested by someone with pencil lines at bow and stern. This is also very like one of the Rindisbachers in the Ottawa archives.

and West thus records the incident in his MS diary: "We arrived at the mouth of the river with the second division on Nov. 2nd and found our friend Pigewis, the Saulteaux chief, at his old encampment. He received us most hospitably giving us a good supply of fresh and dried sturgeon. The liberality of the Indians was put to the test by our numerous and hungry party, but it did not fail, as I believe it seldom does in their improvidence of tomorrow."

Chief Peguis is almost a legendary figure in the history of Manitoba. As a young man of 26 years he had led his tribe to the mouth of the Red River in the year 1800. They came from the west end of Lake Superior. After his arrival here he became very friendly with the men of the Hudson's Bay Company—the King George men he called them. When the Lord Selkirk settlers started arriving in 1812 he befriended them, and continued to do so throughout his lifetime. For his great contribution to the welfare of the settlers, he was honoured by Lord Selkirk when he visited the settlement in 1817. On that occasion his Lordship presented Peguis with a silver medal and a signed parchment testifying to his good

character and outstanding assistance to the settlers in their time of need.

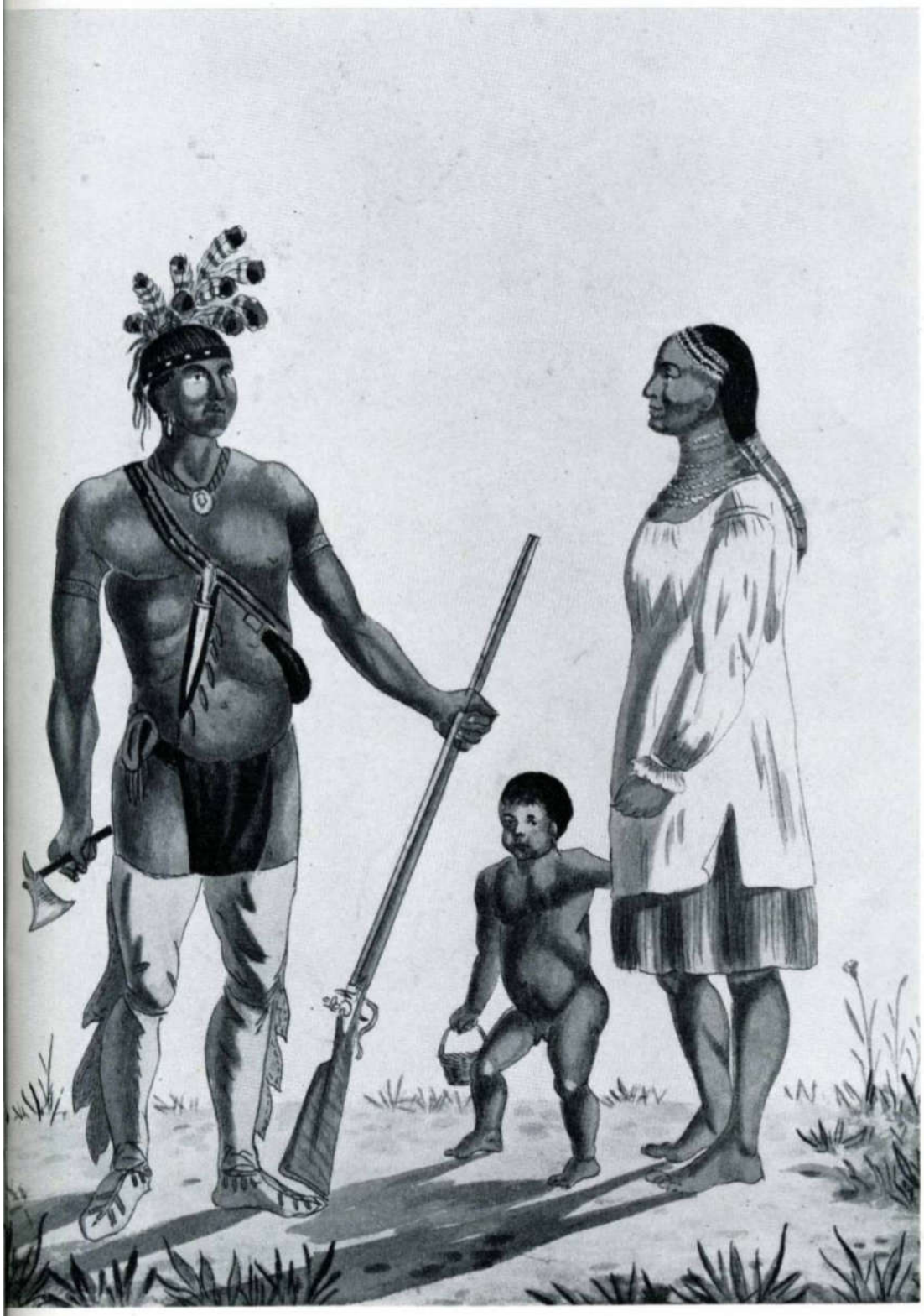
When Mr. West arrived at the encampment of Peguis in October 1820 and had breakfast with the Chief, according to West's manuscript "on our apprizing him of the Earl of Selkirk's death, he expressed much sorrow, and appeared to feel deeply the loss which he and the colony had sustained in his Lordship's decease."

One of the Rindisbacher's taken home by Mr. West in 1823, which was included among those given to the cathedral by Canon Field, shows an unidentified Indian, who is quite possibly—if not probably—Peguis himself. West would certainly want to take back with him a portrait of the chief who was always so great a friend to the whites. That Peter was capable of painting an accurate portrait is evident from the remarks of a contemporary authority about his "War Dance of the Sauks and Foxes" reproduced as the frontispiece to volume one of McKenney & Hall's *Indian Tribes*, 1838: "The figures are spread out so as to show their faces which are the best miniature likenesses I ever beheld." And it is true that Peguis' great granddaughter, who lived near the mouth of the Red River, bore a remarkable resemblance to the man in the painting. No other portrait of Peguis is known.

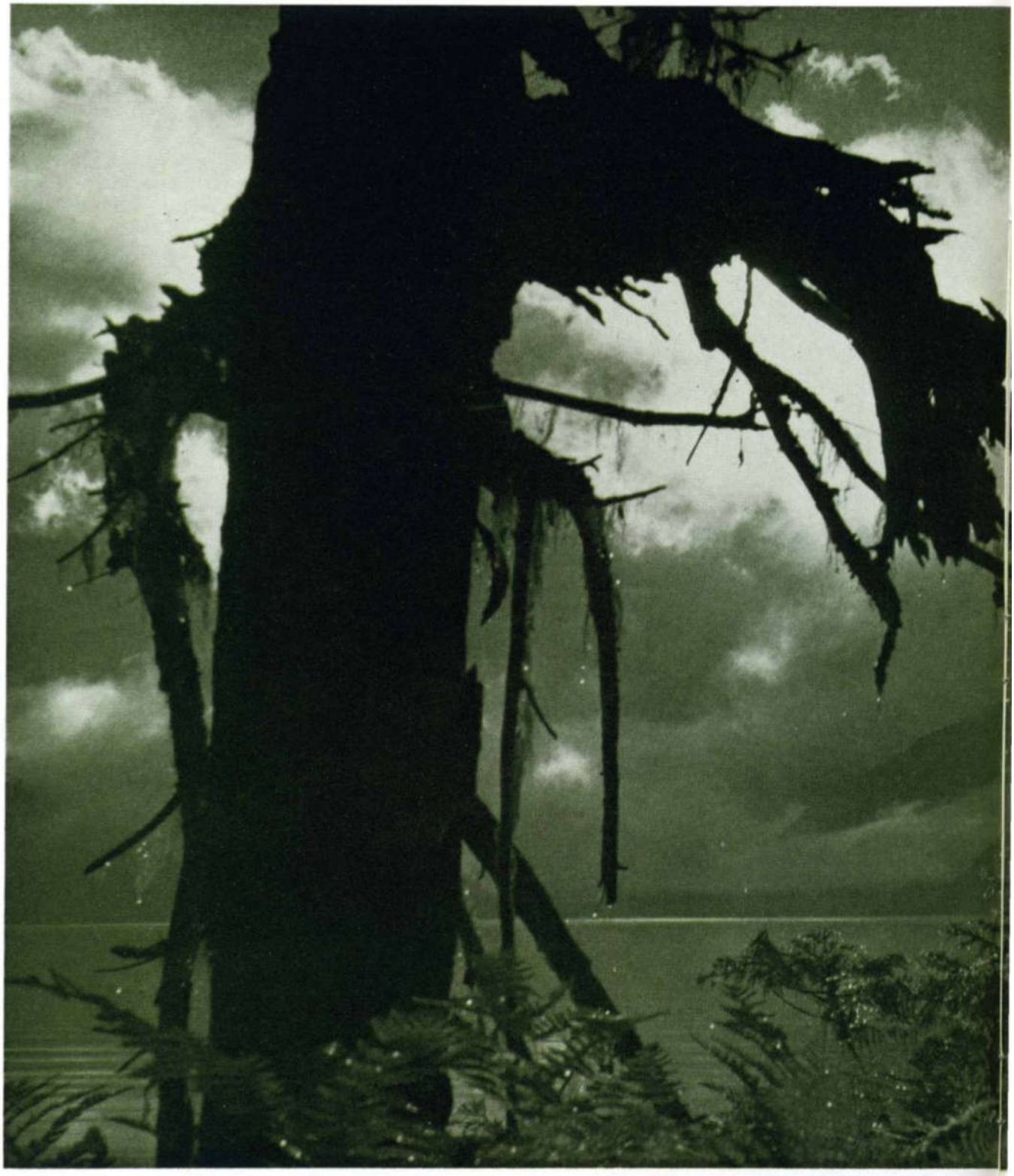
Of the other paintings, the one of the church was copied in line opposite page 155 of West's printed *Journal:* and two of Eskimos are very similar to water colours in the Public Archives collection. Of these two, the man in the kyak is almost identical with the Ottawa picture, but the Eskimo family in the St. John's version lacks the small boy and the dog shown in the Archives version, and is different in other minor respects. The remaining two depict a cow buffalo standing in the snow, and an Indian family of three, which is about the best of the six paintings and the only one signed by the artist. All are done on J. Whatman's drawing paper, and so long have the pictures been framed, that some of the wooden backs under the paper carry clear outlines of the subjects.

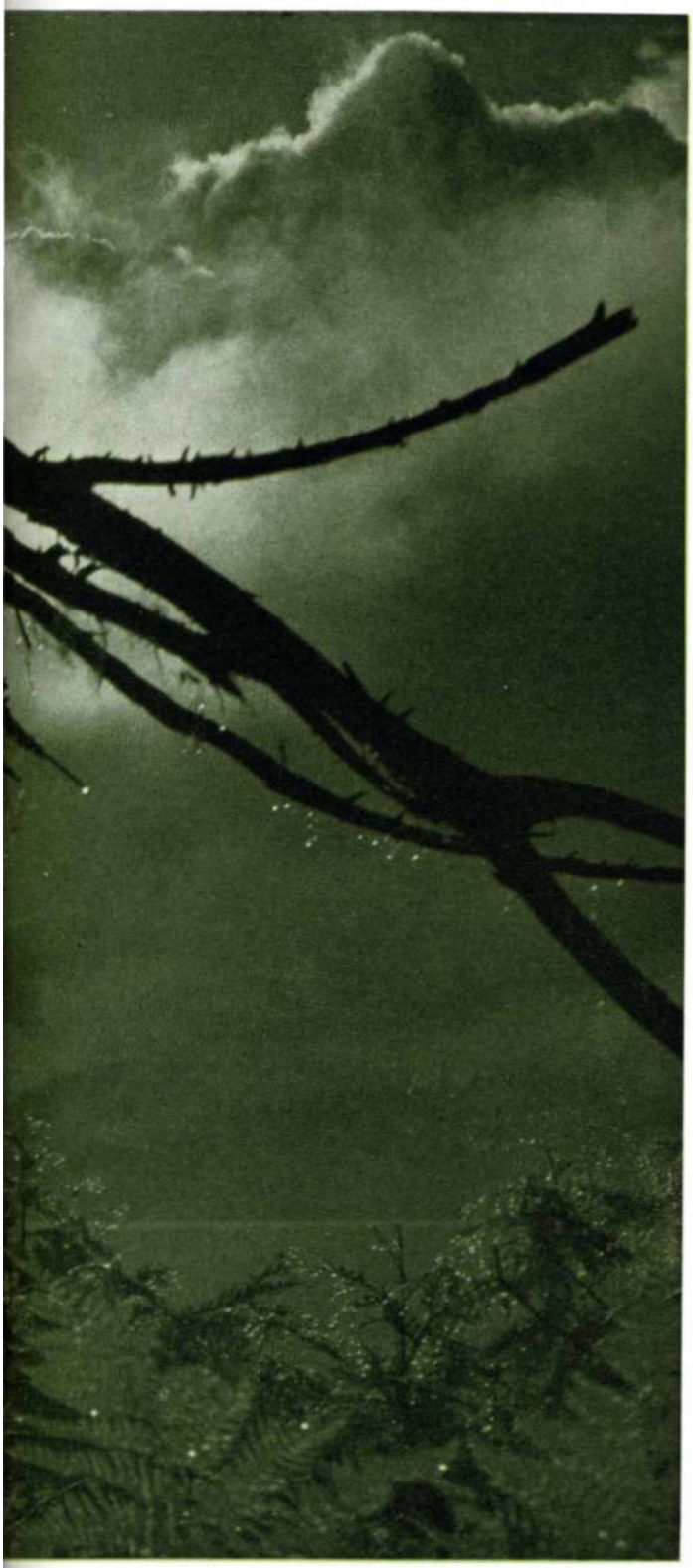
Buffalo on the winter plains

These new Rindisbacher's will be exhibited at St. John's Cathedral, where they will form a unique and picturesque link with the beginnings of the Protestant Church on the Red River, 137 years ago. ◆



This is the most colourful of the five new Rindisbachers, and the only one to be signed. It bears the initials P.R. in the margin at lower right. No identification of the subject is given, but the woman wears a remarkably clean smock, which suggests it was done at one of the settlements.





Hoary monarch

Scenes in Wells-Gray Park, British Columbia

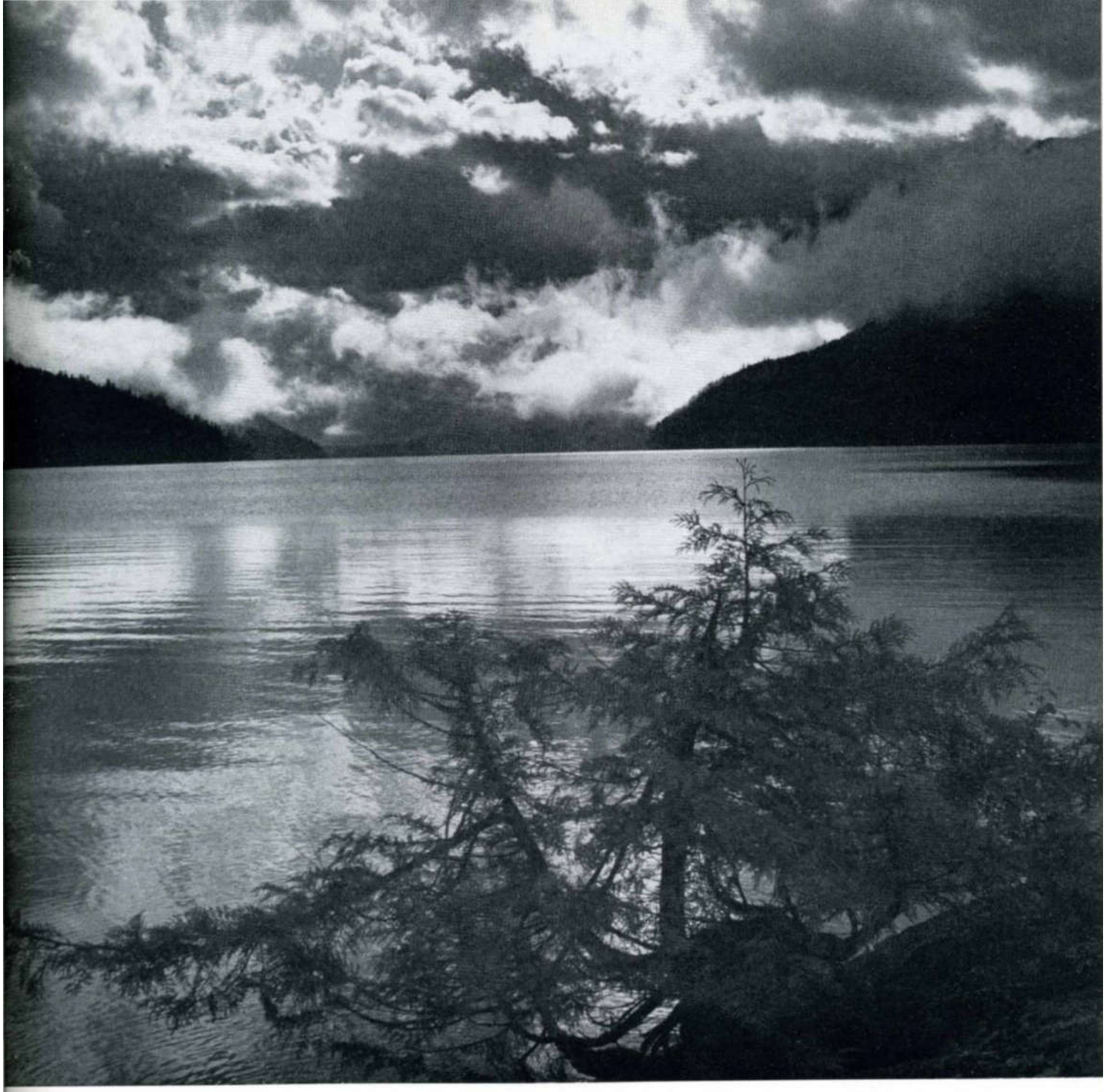
Deep Wilderness

by H. D. von Tiesenhausen

Wells-Gray Provincial Park lies in east central British Columbia some sixty miles west of the Alberta boundary, in about the same latitudes as Jasper National Park. It contains five large lakes and a variety of beautiful scenery —as will be seen from these photographs. The traveller can reach it from Clearwater Station on the C.N.R. between Jasper and Kamloops, or by Highway No. 5.

Mr. von Tiesenhausen came to Canada from Germany in 1951, and is now a draughtsman with the B.C. Engineering Co. in Vancouver.

Falls on the
Murtle River

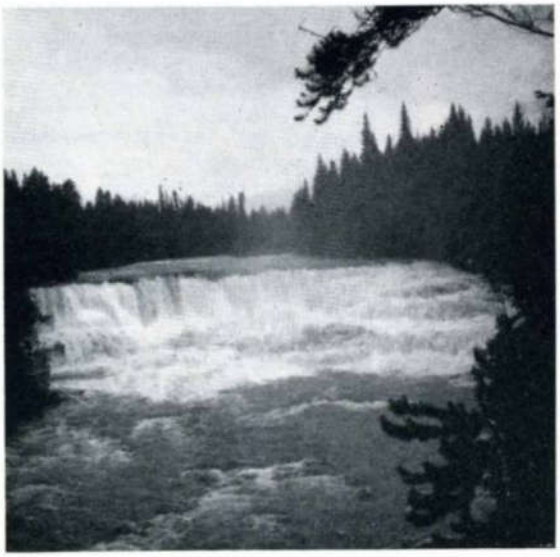


Low clouds over Azure Lake.

Looking north into the park along
the valley of the Clearwater.

Opposite: **Helmcken Falls on the Murtle River plunges into a rocky cauldron.** B.C. Forest Service

The forest's ferny floor.



Dawson Falls on the Murtle.

Dr. Hopwood is preparing a popular edition of Thompson's Narrative for publication. He is the author of articles on Canadian and English literature.

NEW LIGHT ON

In this centenary year of the great geographer's death, an important discovery has been made.

by V. G. Hopwood

WHEN J. B. Tyrrell prepared his fine edition of David Thompson's *Narrative* for publication by the Champlain Society in 1915, he pointed out that a 30-page section of the manuscript was missing. He knew this from a table of contents included in Thompson's note books held by the Ontario Archives, and headed "Index of my Travels as corrected."* "In this index," says Dr. Tyrrell, "he gives the contents of a number of pages which were not in the original manuscript as I obtained it, and of which I have been able to find no trace among any of his papers. It is possible that the pages were never written, though he may have outlined their contents." And he then proceeds to list the subject heading of each page numbered from 27a to 27z, leaving out 27j and followed by 27 2a-2d and 28.

The original *Narrative* from which Dr. Tyrrell made his transcription is in the Library of the University of Toronto. This year, the centenary of Thompson's death is being commemorated, and it is eminently fitting that, a few days before the actual anniversary, February 10, it was discovered that the missing pages had been placed with Thompson's journals, in the Archives.

It was there on February 6 last that, doing research for a new popular edition of the great geographer's own story of his explorations, I took a manuscript from an envelope—and recognized it as the missing section!

This was a find of prime importance in fur trade and western Canadian history, since those pages deal with Thompson's first trip into the West, with the discovery and mapping of which his name will always be linked. They describe his departure from York Factory in the summer of 1786, and end with his return there in the summer of 1790; and they tell a vivid story of the exciting formative years of his life. For the historian, anthropologist, and naturalist they will be of exceptional interest, for they contain about 10,000 words rich in incident, information, and character sketches of men well known in the old fur trade.

These pages which apparently no one had previously recognized as part of the *Narrative* begin with a description of the crisis in the trade of Hudson's Bay Company due to the intrusion of Montreal fur traders after the British conquest of Canada and the American Revolution. Thompson also describes some steps taken to meet the challenge from Montreal.

"The furr traders from Canada for several years past had so far extended their trading posts through the interior country as almost to cut off the trade from the Factories. The whole of the Furrs collected at Churchill barely loaded the ship's long boat. The Hudson's Bay therefore found it necessary to make trading houses in a few different places, and as the Kisiskatchewan [the Nelson-Saskatchewan] is the great leading river of the country, these houses were situated on it's or the branches which flow into it.

"This inland trade was still in it's infancy the Company had only two houses, Cumberland House built by Mr. Samuel Hearne, and Hudson House about 300 miles above it. The inland trade was carried by twelve large indian canoes, each carrying three men and six packages of goods, iron ware &c. each package of the weight of 90 pounds, conducted by an elderly native, called the Black Indian, all under the command of Mr. William Tomison a gentleman from the Isle of Orkney. This year (1786) they came down to the Factory in the beginning of July, each Canoe brought six packages of fine furrs, each of 90 pounds, besides maintaining all the men, and pay their winter expences. The men on this service had eight Pounds sterling each year, out of which they had to furnish their clothing and their other necessiarys. The goods sent inland being wholly for the furr trade and provisions they had to buy all they wanted at the Factory, where every article was plain and good, and at a moderate price. That furnished by the Company, were a leather coat (instead of Beaver) Cap and Mittens and Snow Shoes. It was now thought proper to make a trading house about 200 miles higher up the River, leave Hudson House for the present, and instead to build a House about 40 miles to the southward, on the right bank of the Bow River, the great South Branch of the Kisiskatchewan; the latter to be under the charge of Mr. Mitchel Oman, a native of the Isle of Orkney. He had no education, but a fine looking manly, powerful man, of a tenacious memory and high moral qualities, and much respected by the Indians, and whose language he had acquired. I was appointed to be his clerk, and embarked with him."

The account given above, and in the rest of this section of the *Narrative*, confirms in general the conclusions reached by Dr. Tyrrell about Thompson's activities be-

*Not "Index of his Journals as Extended" as given on p. 53 of the Champlain Society edition.

tween the ages of 16 and 20. There are discrepancies, however, which will have to be assessed, since Tyrrell's account has been generally accepted, and deservedly so.

Thompson had a very retentive memory, and what he says may be regarded as evidence of the highest order. Moreover, most of his *Narrative* was written with the help of the very detailed and meticulous journals which he kept in the course of his travels. These journals, it must be borne in mind, were not begun until late in 1789, at the very end of the period covered by this portion of the *Narrative*, which was not written till 1849 or after. Thus, it is just possible that Thompson was wrong about Tomison being actually with the brigade, and that in fact Robert Longmore was immediately in charge of it, with Tomison following them later in the summer, as Tyrrell concluded. This account, however, seems incontrovertible evidence that Thompson went to take part in the building of the fort on the South Branch of the Saskatchewan, not to help build Manchester House on the North Branch, as Dr. Tyrrell believed. Thompson's presence at the South Branch House is also shown by its records for this winter which are in Thompson's handwriting, as A. S. Morton mentions in his *History of the Canadian West* (p. 444).

The brigade that Thompson was in proceeded to the plains by the Hayes River, Nelson River, Lake Winnipeg, Saskatchewan River route. At Cumberland House "the canoes stopped a few minutes to take in dried provisions and proceeded, and gave no time for conversation." Above Cumberland Lake, Thompson says:

"We continued for three days to proceed with the paddle up the alluvial channels to their end, where the River is one stream, here the current is strong and we had to bend the tracking line to the canoes and as Clerk take my share of the labor; but everything was now very different from the wretched labor from York factory, we were here in a high and dry country, the beach was wide and dry the season the latter end of August the Musketoes were not numerous, the weather fine, and as we advanced the Red Deer [Wapiti] became in plenty, and the call of the Stag made the forest resound and be answered by other Stags. Each day we marched fourteen hours averaging 25 miles a day."

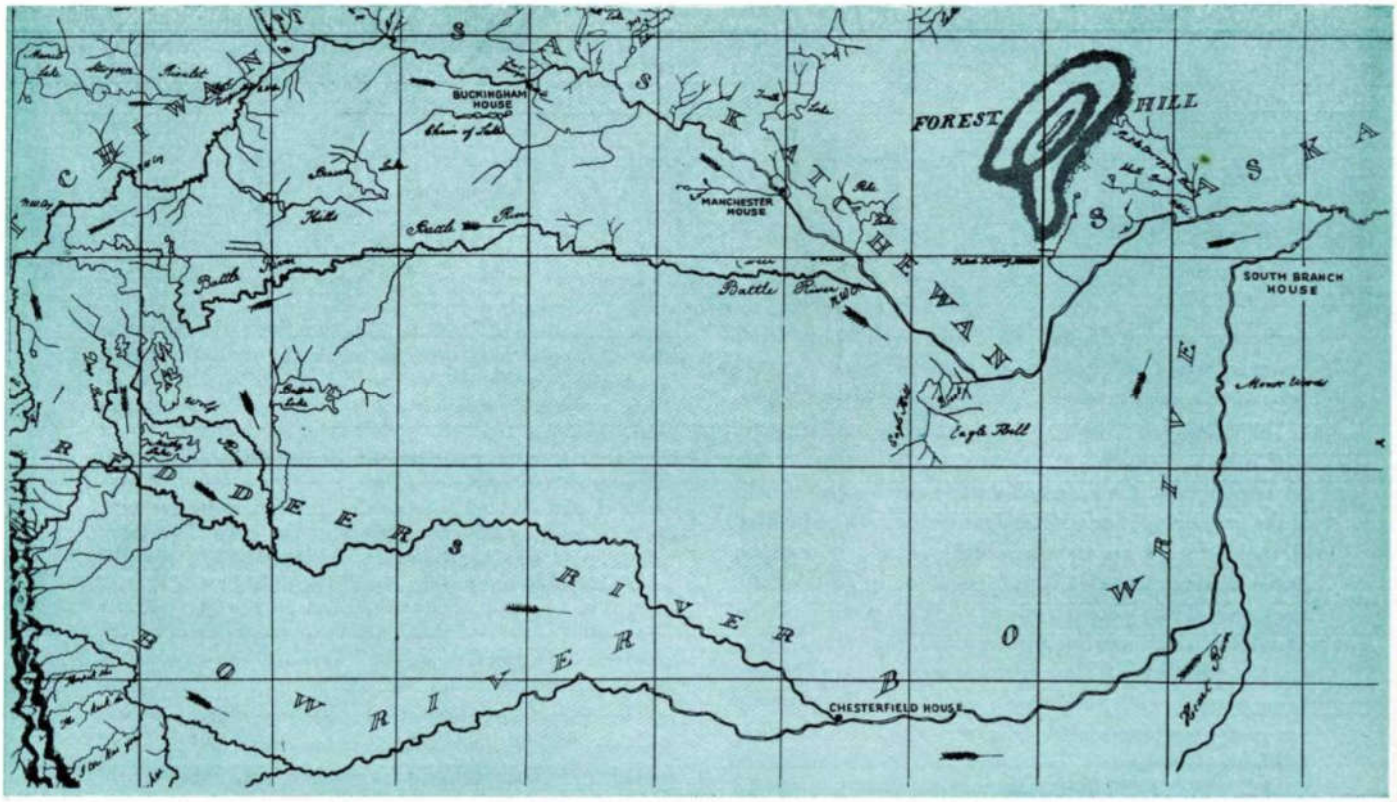
Four canoes under Oman went up the South Branch, and built a log house.

"On the evening of the third day up this River we came opposite to where houses were building for the furr trade and the next morning crossed over and placed ourselves about eighty yards above them. These houses were on account of two furr companies from Canada; one of them of the firm of McTavish and company: under the charge of a scotch gentleman of the name of [William] Thorburn, the other was of the firm of Gregory and company under the care of a french gentleman. . . . We now cleared the ground to build a log house of thirty six feet in length by twenty in breadth, which when carried up to seven feet in height, was roofed with split logs, the ridge pole was placed on two upright Logs of twelve feet and gave to each side a slope of five feet, the whole was mudded and covered with earth. The two chimneys were built of mud mixed with chopped coarse grass, The floors were of split logs, the house divided into three by walls of logs, with doors cut in them, one of twelve feet by twenty for the goods, furrs and provisions; ten feet for a hall for business and trading with the Indians; the other fourteen feet for the men called the guard room, the indian hall was occupied by Mr. Oman and myself."

Thompson comments, with typical wry, slightly erudite humour, "Under such able archities as we were, we had raised a doric building, which might suit a painter of rustic scenery."

Although there were represented at this spot, in addition to the Hudson's Bay, the two main rivals at that time from Montreal (the North West Company and the firm of Gregory and McLeod) the relations among the competing traders were apparently amicable. Thompson describes a visit from the French-Canadian trader, marked amusingly enough on the one side by Gallic grace of manners, and on the other by British stiffness and gravity. The description of Thorburn is fuller and very valuable, for it adds considerably to the little that is known about this rather obscure partner of the North West Company. Thorburn's account of the Montreal fur trade is also valuable. It indicates that the absorption in 1787 of Gregory, McLeod and Company into the North West Company was already agreed upon. This sheds light on the lack of tension between the two Montreal firms.

"Our other neighbour Mr. Thorburn had been some time in the naval service, and had the frank manners of an english gentleman, he was about 35 years of age and had seen much of the world, he was glad to see us, and have the pleasure of speaking english. From him, during winter we obtained information on the fur trade of Canada. He remarked to us, that at the cession of Canada to England, the furr trade, with all its influence over the Indians were wholly in the hands of the French, the British merchants soon acquired a share of it, and at length the whole of it, but by means of french traders to whom they furnished the goods for the trade some of these were of good characters, men of integrity, where this was the case, the furr trade gave a decent profit to both the Indian trader and the Merchant but it was too frequently otherwise, with a slight education, if any, and no books, when in their wintering houses, they passed their time in card playing gambling and dancing, which brought on disputes, quarrels



Part of the reproduction of Thompson's great map in the Champlain Society volume dealing with his Narrative. Place names mentioned here have been added in small capitals. Note that the South Saskatchewan is called the Bow.

and all respect was lost. Goods beyond the extent of their wages were taken by the men to pay their gambling debts, and every festival of the church of Rome was an excuse to get drunk; the fisheries on which they depended for provisions for their support were neglected, and starvation stared them in the face, there wa[s] little left to trade furrs, and they returned to the Merchant in beggary and distress, and instead of a cargo of furrs, recounted their miseries and sufferings brought on themselves by their own folly and dissipation.

"To remedy this sad state of the trade, the Merchants had formed two companies, which this winter would unite and form only one company, and as fast as could conveniently be done, place at the head of eaeh tradinghouse men of British origen of sober and steady habits on whom they could rely, and this system was now in operation. We soon found our neighbours had greatly the advantage of us in carrying on the furr trade, five men in their large canoes brought twenty four pieces of goods, of which full one fourth was high wines (strong whisky) to which four times the quantity of water was added to make grog for the Indians. With us three men brought six pieces of goods of which one fourth was english brandy, a vile spirit to which only two waters could be added, a pint of which, was reckoned of the value of a beaver skin whether in furrs or in provisions, all expences were thus paid, yet nearly half of it was given away."

Thompson describes the Indians with whom they dealt at the South Branch House, and the nature of the trade carried on:

"The Indians who traded at these houses were of the tribes of Nahathaways [Crees], and Stone Indians, called Assine poetwak, or people of stony lands*, they appeared to be equally numerous. They were all moderately tall, manly looking men, with promenent features, well dressed in leather, with a bison robe the women dressed in much the same manner, they were friendly to us, and by [no] means troublesome, our axes and tools lying about, yet nothing was stolen and we builded and finished everything with as much ease and safety as if we had been alone. . . . The furrs traded were about one third in beaver skins the rest were mostly and foxes, those red, as well as the wolf skins, each passed as a beaver. Lynxes and Wolverenes the same, but the grey foxes and badgers passed two for one skin."

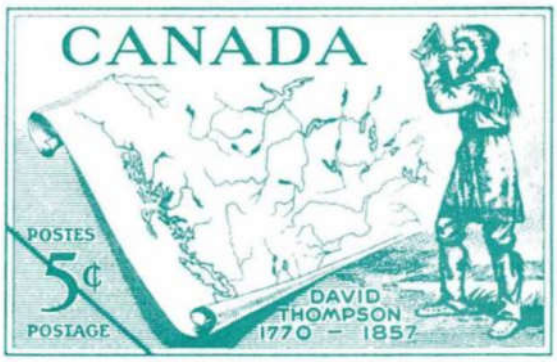
The following summer Thompson spent at Cumberland House, which was under the charge of George Hudson, who like David Thompson, had been educated at the Grey Coat charity school in London. He is the only person of whom Thompson speaks harshly in these years. Thompson's devout and serious outlook are explanation enough for the disapproval.

"He [Hudson] had been here about thirteen years, had lost all his education, except reading and writing, and the little of this, for the accounts of the trade, appeared labor to him: he appeared in a state of apathy always smoking tobacco mixed with weed, had no conversation with any person, the little business he had was done with few words and took no exercise. I was sadly disappointed in him."

Later Thompson remarks that "Mr. Hudson unf[ort]unately for himself was too fond of an idle life, became dropsical, and soon died."

Sometime during these years on the plains, Thompson says he had the remarkable spiritual experience of playing

*The Stone Indians, Assiniboines, or Assinipoets from *Assini*, stone and *pwat*, Sioux, were a branch of the Sioux who cooked with hot stones.—Ed.



The David Thompson stamp to be issued in June.

checkers with the devil! The devil he records was quite an ordinary one in appearance, except that he had a "countenance mild and grave." He sat down opposite Thompson at a table where he was playing draughts by himself. They played several games, all of which Thompson won. The devil kept his temper but became graver in expression. Finally he got up and disappeared.

This "strange incident" made a deep impression on Thompson. "I made no vow, but took a resolution from that very hour never to play a game of chance, or skill, or any thing that had the appearance of them and I have kept it. It is now upwards of sixty three years, since, and yet the whole of this strange incident is plain before me."

The last sentence makes it possible to date the writing of this part of the *Narrative* as 1849 or later. The paper on which it is written is watermarked 1847. In an earlier draft of the *Narrative* Thompson refers to an event in 1811 as taking place 35 years before, which dates the earlier draft as 1846. References in Thompson's journals indicate that he was working on the *Narrative* from before 1845 till 1850. The last references in his journals to the writing of his travels indicate that he continued work on them with great difficulty in the face of failing health until he was about 81. This, and the fact that the *Narrative* omits his explorations into the Rockies in 1800 and 1801, and other important events, lead to the conclusion that he may never have finished it.

In the fall of 1787 he went up the Saskatchewan again, this time up the North Branch to "the trading house lately built which was named Buckinghams House." From here in a few days he set out with a party of six men under James Gady (not under Thompson, as Tyrrell thought) who had been two years with the Piegan Indians and learned their language. This is the famous expedition of David Thompson at the age of seventeen, to the Indians near what is now Calgary.

Describing the preparations for the journey, Thompson gives a picture of the importance to the Indians of some of the traders' goods.

"See the wife of an Indian sewing their leather clothing with a pointed, brittle bone, or a sharp thorn and the time and trouble it takes; Show them an awl, or a strong needle, and they will gladly give the finest Beaver or Wolf skin they have to purchase it. When the tents remove, a steady careful old man, or two of them are entrusted with the fire, which is carried in a rough wooden bowl with earth in it, and carefully fed to the place of the camp, a fire is then made, and as the tents are pitched and ready, one from each tent comes for some fire. A flint and steel saves all this anxiety and trouble."

Having made their preparations the expedition set off on the last day of September.

"[We] proceeded in the direction of about W S W for the upper part of the Bow River near the east foot of the Rocky Mountains, where we expected to find some of the Peeagan Indians camped: a distance of about four hundred and fifty miles, over extensive plains, with patches of wood in places. The trading house from which we started, was, near the east side of the plains and we passed on the west side of the Eagle Hills."

If this starting point was Buckingham House it must have been built and then abandoned before 1792, when it was built (or rebuilt) by Tomison. Further, it is not likely that Buckingham House would be referred to as being near the east side of the plains. Neither, starting from there, is it likely that they would pass anywhere near the Eagle Hills, especially if they set off west-south-west. On the other hand, taking this direction from Manchester House would bring them to their destination on the Bow River near the mountains. Thus it seems probable that Thompson in this section is referring to Manchester House as Buckingham House. This agrees with his description of it as newly built, for Manchester House was built in 1786. It also explains a reference in the published *Narrative* (pp. 320-21) to Buckingham House being 350 miles above Cumberland House on the Saskatchewan, when it is nearer to 550. It does not explain the fact that the latter reference speaks of Buckingham House as if it was built by Mitchell Oman in 1780.

The party travelled across the plains until at last "the Rocky Mountains came in sight like shining white clouds in the horizon." About thirty miles from the mountains they crossed the Bow River. At length they met a dozen Piegans who conducted them to their camp. Here the party divided up, two by two to three different tents. Thompson and a man called William Flett were lodged in the tent of the old chief Sarkamappee, whose story of his own life forms one of the most interesting chapters of the *Narrative* (pp. 326-344). From these new pages we gather some further information about this old chief, whom Thompson estimated to be about 90 years old. Thompson says he died three or four years after this winter. Sarkamappee in telling Thompson about himself also gives a dramatic idea of the extent of the migrations of the Indian tribes in this period.

"After a few days the old man spoke to me in the Nahathaway language and asked me if I understood it, and how long since I had left my own country. I ansered this is my fourth winter and the Nahathaways are the people we trade with, and I speak their tongue sufficient for common purposes, upon which, with a smile, he said, I am not a Peeagan of these plains I am a Nahathaway of the Pasquiaw River (a River that joins the Kisiskatchewan about fifty miles below Cumberland House) that is my native country, and of my fathers for many, many winters I should have forgotten my mother's tongue were it not that some of my fathers people come among us to buy horses and aid us in war. I told him I knew the country, had wintered near it, and hunted Geese and Ducks on the River he mentioned. He said it is many winters since I last saw the ground where my parents lie. I came here a young man, and my name is still the same I then received (Sark a map pee, Young man) as you know my country you can name the old men that now live there. I named three old men, but he knew nothing of them, I enquired if the Nahathaways did not give him news of his native country, he replied, they know nothing of it, and enquired, what people were now hunting there. I informed him that the sons of those he left there, with their families hunted on the north bank of the River, many days march above it that the lowest of them were on the west side of the Eagle Hills, and that his country was now hunted upon by the Indians whom in his time were eastward of Lake Winipeg. He remained silent for some time, and then said, What a stranger I now find myself in the land of my fathers."

Early in January there was a stir in the camp, when a war party which had been away for over two months, returned from a journey of some 1,500 miles made in order to raid the Spaniards for horses. It was now that Thompson first met Kootenae Appee, the Piegan war chief, whose friendship was to play so large a part in his later life. Kootenae Appee came to visit the old Sarkamappee. Thompson says, "On entering the tent he gave me his left hand, and I gave him my right hand, upon which he looked at me, and smiled as much as to say a contest would not be equal."

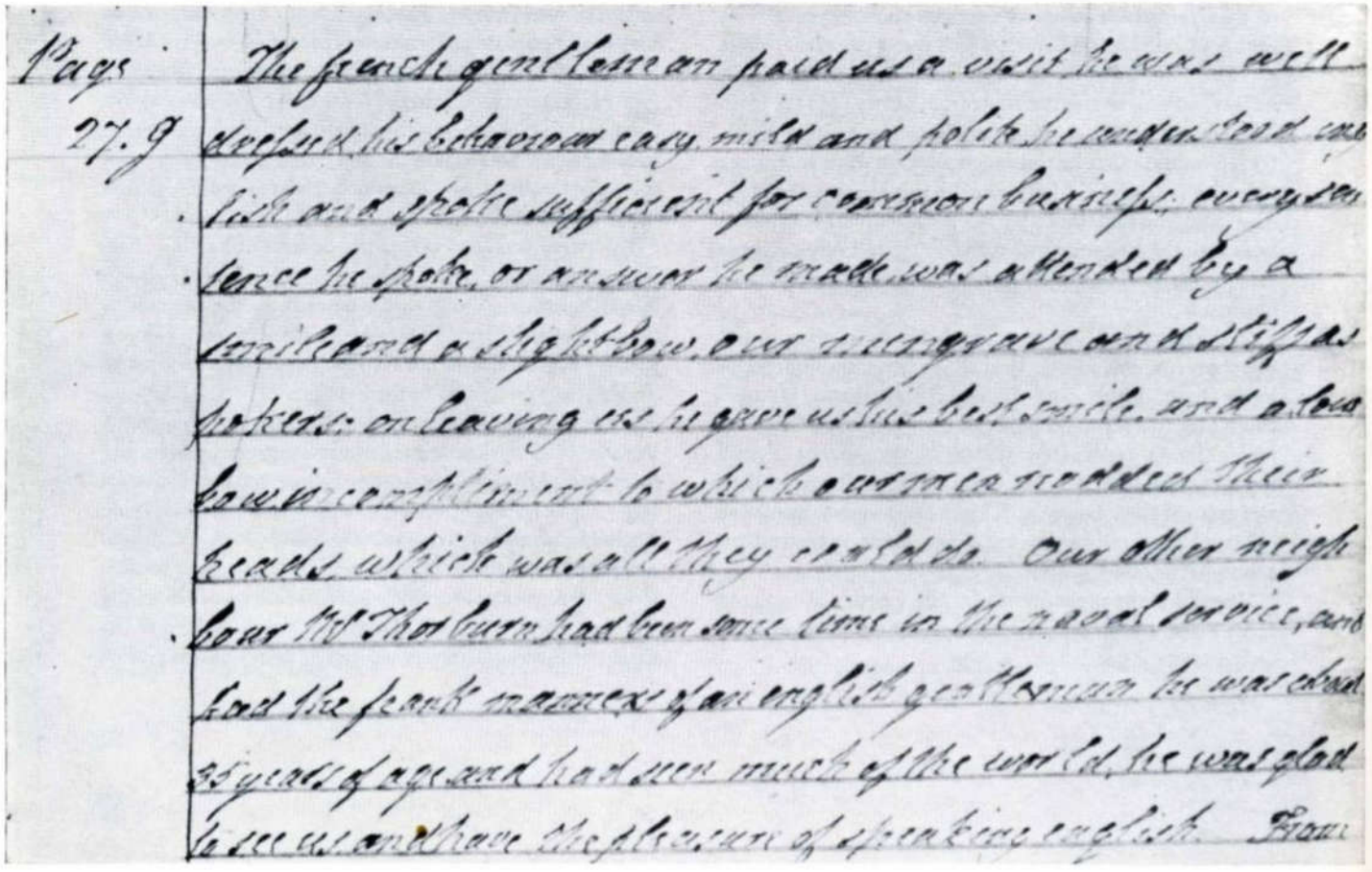
Later Sarkamappee told Thompson:

"If one of our people offers you his left give him your left hand, for the right hand is no mark of friendship. This hand wields the spear, draws the Bow, and the trigger of the gun; it is the hand of death. The left hand is next to the heart, and speaks truth and friendship, it holds the shield of protection, and is the hand of life."

Kootenae Appee seems to have adapted Piegan tactics to the introduction of guns. He made the practice of spacing out the men with guns so that between them there were the same number of men with bows.

In the spring Thompson's party returned to the North Saskatchewan, accompanied by about thirty Indians bring-

Part of a page from the recently identified manuscript. The last few lines are printed on page 27. Ontario Archives


Page
27. 9
The french gentleman paid us a visit he was well
dressed his behaviour easy mild and polite he understood eng
lish and spoke sufficient for common business, every sen
tence he spoke, or answer he made was attended by a
smile and a slight bow, our farewell was but simple, and a few
shakes on leaving us he gave us the best smile, and a few
low complaisant to which we returned their
bows which was all they could do. Our other neigh
bour Mr Thornburn had been some time in the naval service, and
had the frank manners of an english gentleman he was about
35 years of age and had seen much of the world he was glad
to see us and have the pleasure of speaking english. From

ing furs for themselves and the ones left at home. Thompson reported that they were heartily welcomed on their arrival. Tomison was glad to see him, but didn't like his appearance at all, and looked at him from all sides, muttering "ragged, very ragged, cant be mended, must have a new jacket."

This and one or two other incidents give a graphic and humorous yet kindly and respectful portrait of William Tomison, a man for whom it is clear Thompson had much affection. They are well worth repeating.

"[Mr. Tomison] had a scarlet vest which he put on on his arrival at York Factory, took off when he left it, and carefully folded and laid by for the next occasion, this was its third year, and on looking at it, he thought its color somewhat faded. One of the men said a little lye will freshen it; he gave it to the man to do so, he made the lye too strong and took most of the color out: when brought to him the lower part of his favorite vest was nearly white, the rest spotted red and white a ghost could not have changed his color more; he turned it every way to be sure it was his very vest. As he had no more cloth of that color he had one of blue cloth made."

Tomison left Thompson and another man to occupy Hudson House that summer:

"An account of the goods left being taken. Mr. Tomison descended the stairs to the lower room where I was writing, and perceiving a single duck shot, took it up, went up stairs untied the bag and put it in with the other shot. This parsimony was habitual to him, brought up in a barren rocky Island, (one of the Orkneys) where everything is husbanded with care, he placed too high a value on things beneath his notice and never could conform himself to the customs of these wild countries and these natives, who despise such habits of parsimony, as the effects of a sordid mind. He was a truly honest, kind hearted man would have made a first rate steward, but was not adapted to be at head of affairs."

Two years later, when Thompson broke his leg, he stated that Tomison behaved "with all the tenderness of a father and alleviated my sufferings all he could."

This accident took place in March 1789, at Buckingham (Manchester) House. As soon as the river was free of ice Thompson descended it with the furs and canoes to Cumberland House, where he was left to recover. The accident, Thompson says, "by the mercy of God turned out to be the best thing that ever happened to me." The reason for this feeling was that Philip Turnor, the Company astronomer, arrived at Cumberland House in the fall. Thompson's admiration is evident.

"This was a fortunate arrival for me, as Mr. Turnor was well versed in mathematics, was one of the compilers of the nautical Almanacs and a practical astronomer. Under him I regained my mathematical education, and during the winter became his only assistant and thus learned astronomy under an excellent master of the science."

No picture of Thompson is known, but his daughter said that he looked very much like John Bunyan, whose portrait by Thomas Sadler is shown above. National Portrait Gallery

Thompson must have been the most diligent student that any teacher could desire, for we learn that "by too much attention to calculation in the night, with no other light than a small candle," his right eye was so inflamed that he lost its sight. As a result of this, and because he was still weak from his accident, he was not thought well enough to accompany Turnor in the spring and his place was taken by Peter Fidler. Thompson returned to York Factory.

There we leave Thompson at the end of this manuscript, 20 years old. We know something more of his character, for we have been with him in his formative years. In the youth can be seen something of the man that is now ready to emerge. In these years, the plains with the mountains at their edge had become part of Thompson. He had learned to know and admire the Indians and their way of life. His powers of observation had matured. And in the last of these years, under Philip Turnor, he had mastered the science which was to unite all his faculties, and make possible the great explorations of his later years. ◆

windigo woman

by Wilma Raynor

Mrs. Raynor was a nurse with the Indian and Northern Health Services at various points in the Arctic and the sub-Arctic.

IT'S an evil spirit—feared by the Indians.

I learned this fact after I went north as a government field nurse on an Indian reservation. I felt quite strange when I found myself alone with the solemn faced Crees and quite inadequate when faced with difficult situations involved with ancient customs and superstitions. Then as I travelled from place to place I studied the ways of the people and found that a little common sense plus a friendly handshake and some self confidence was worth more than all the medicine and equipment I could carry.

Occasionally I would be told that an Indian had had an encounter with a Windigo. Sometimes it would be described as a weird animal and at other times as an evil faced woman. It had appeared to them in darkness and even in broad daylight and it was regarded as a bad omen. I decided that these strange stories were quite ridiculous and never took them very seriously until several years later when I had reason to change my views.

I was posted at the north end of Lake Winnipeg. After two years in this area I knew the Indians pretty well and most of them spoke English. One day when returning from an early morning call, I noticed a young Indian woman walking slowly to the water's edge to fill her pail. I sat down on a log and watched her from a distance. It was Christina, a nice quiet girl about nineteen years old. The water was unusually calm, and Christina stood there, pail in hand, gazing as though fascinated with the beauty of the still blue water and the islands in the distance. Suddenly I heard a piercing scream and saw Christina stumbling as she ran over the rough ground and disappeared into the cabin. A few seconds later she emerged, frantically pulling her mother toward the shore where the pail had been dropped. All this time Christina was shrieking hysterically as she pointed at something on the water. Then I watched the mother drag the girl back from the water's edge. I decided to investigate.

By the time I reached the little cabin, at least six neighbors had gathered to help and to sympathize, and as the family itself numbered nine or ten, I could scarcely squeeze myself into the room. Loud sobbing from a far corner led me to the poor girl, who was being held down on the bed by two big Indian women.

"What happened?" I asked her mother, after making a brief examination.

For a moment she just looked at me, shrugging her shoulders helplessly, then slowly she walked from the bed, out of hearing of the girl and in a low undertone murmured, "The Windigo . . . she seen it . . . she scairt."

"Where?" I enquired.

"The lake" . . . and little by little I was able to piece together the appearance of this creature seen only a stone's throw from the cabin door. This Windigo appeared to be a woman standing in the water up to her waist. She had long black hair hanging loosely around her evil face and she was beckoning to the girl with a long thin arm. The mother could see nothing on the calm water and had a hard struggle to bring the girl away. Christina seemed to be drawn to this spectre like a moth to a flame.

I stayed beside Christina for some time and was able to soothe her with a sedative. I saw her several times during the next three months and although she did respond to treatment, she never fully recovered—possibly owing to what happened later. Eventually I decided that it was all due to a nervous disorder and the Windigo once more receded to the back of my mind.

Freeze-up had now come and another one of my numerous calls brought me to the same area. This time it was a very dark night when a young Indian brave went through the ice, while skating home alone. His frantic cries had been heard by another Indian but couldn't be found until too late. While taking the history of this case I learned that the young man had been visiting Christina in her home just prior to the accident.

An old Indian came up to me to describe in detail the position of the body when it was found. "Funny thing," said the old man, slowly shaking his head, "I never see a man drown like that one . . . and me . . . I see some drown many times in my life." Then he went on: "We find hole in ice . . . then we shine light around that hole . . . and we see his head . . . just under the ice . . . very close to that hole—just like he stand there."

Next day I further investigated the accident. The open hole in the ice left no doubt—it was the place where the Windigo had called Christina. ◆

THE GREAT M

The great snow-and-ice-covered mountain rises in the middle distance on the right of this picture. The conical peak left of centre is Mount Ida, 10,472 feet high. B.C. Govt. Photo

OUNTAIN

by S. Prescott Fay
with Bradford Angier

In 1912-14, while on pack-horse trips through the Rockies northwest of Mt. Robson, Mr. Fay and his friends caught sight of an unidentified giant mountain which they later named.

THE mountain rose high above a vast region of snow and glaciers, presenting a beautiful sight as its ice-covered summit glistened in the clear September sunlight. There was no way of judging its height from where I was, sheep-hunting some thirty miles to the southeast. I only knew we had found a giant mountain, a mountain we felt convinced would prove to be one of the highest peaks of the Canadian Rockies.

As it turned out, we saw it no more that year; for after we had moved over the intervening passes and camped beyond them, it snowed and stormed continually for nearly two weeks, hiding all the mountains from us. When we finally managed to get back out to Hinton with our horses, our food supply entirely exhausted, it was the end of October.

Unsuccessful as our trip had been we had roughly located this new high mountain and, in spite of the bad weather, had been able to appreciate the beauty of the surrounding country which, with its fascinating lakes, charming valleys and lofty peaks, so delighted us that we made up our minds to return to explore it further at the first available opportunity. Although I was back at Jasper the next year, I was unable to take a long trip, so contented myself until nearly Christmas with several shorter ones in which we covered nearly all the country from Mt. Robson and the upper Smoky to Laggan on the Canadian Pacific Railway.

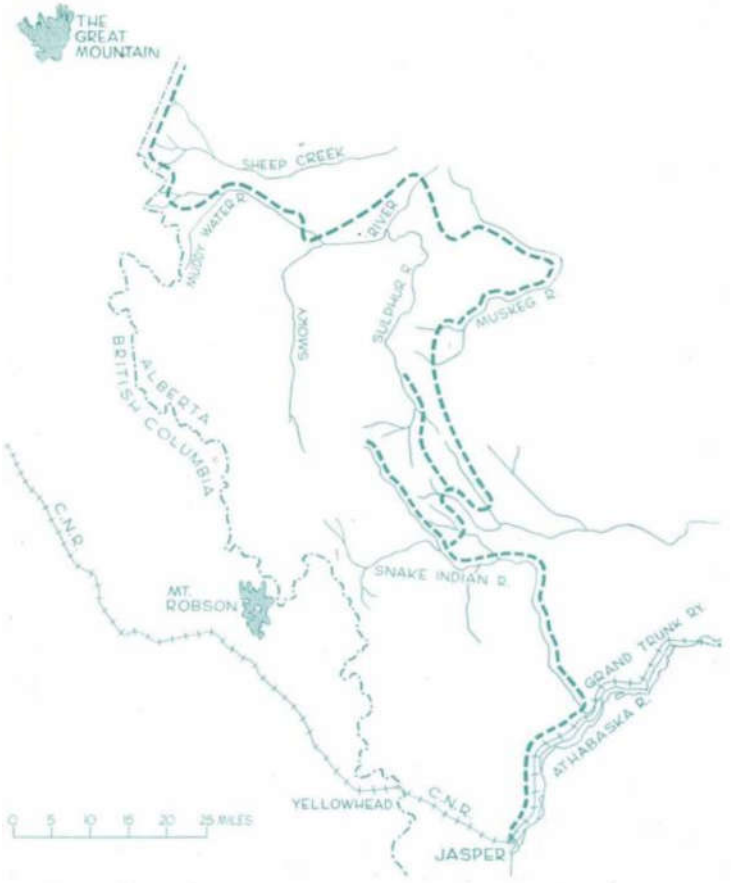
However, the latter part of June the following year, 1914, saw us once more under way, this time with an outfit of twenty horses, food for four months, and the added intention of investigating all the mountains along the eastern slope of the Continental Divide between Yellowhead Pass and the Peace River. We also bore authorizations from Alberta and British Columbia authorities to hunt and collect for the Biological Survey of the Department of Agriculture at Washington. Our party consisted of Charles R. Cross, Jr., a Boston friend and neighbor of mine, together with Fred Brewster of Jasper and two other men, making five in all; a good practical number for a long difficult trip.

Although summer was at its height, I had arrived at Jasper in a howling snowstorm, so that the appearance of the mountains was scarcely unlike that of December last when I had left for the east. The skies soon cleared and the weather became very hot, so that the melting of the fresh snows turned already swollen rivers into roaring torrents, making them higher than they had been for years.

Our horses were a picked lot, fat and in good condition, but not having been used since the previous fall were rather wild. One mare had never before been packed, and she caused an endless amount of trouble even to the end of the trip. It was slow work inducing her to stand quietly, and at first it was necessary to blindfold her. Even then she would often buck and tear about, shaking off the packs if they were not securely tied on.

Another mare caused us almost as much annoyance in a different way. She always stood docilely while her packs were lashed on. Then, perhaps not until all the other horses were loaded and we were under way, she would start her exhibition which was never anything but an

Mr. Fay spent three seasons in the Canadian Rockies in 1912-14, determining the ranges of big game between Lake Louise and the Peace River. He is a member of the American Alpine Club and the Harvard Travelers Club. Mr. Angier is a free lance writer of Hudson Hope, B.C.



The track of Mr. Fay's party from Jasper is shown by the broken line, and the glaciers of the two great mountains by the shaded areas. In 1914 the C.N.R. was the Grand Trunk Railway.

exasperating performance, for it was impossible to do anything but watch until she had finished. This she invariably did either by breaking the cinch or by loosening the load, with the end result that packs, ropes, and gear would be strewn over the landscape. Finally, we discovered that the trouble lay in her cinch being so far back that it worried her into a nervous state. This difficulty was easily enough remedied, and she made no more trouble in that direction.

And so we got used to our horses, one by one, and began to understand them as if they'd been human beings, for they were all different and some of them real characters. Later if there was any disturbance in the line behind, it was often possible to tell which cayuse was the cause of it without turning around to see.

We started up the Snake Indian River, then the Stony, away from the Athabasca valley and the Grand Trunk Railway. That day—June 28, 1914—we said good-bye to the sound of engine whistles echoing along the valleys. It was five months later before a similar sound broke the stillness and reminded us that we had returned once more to civilization.

The second night in camp we had been regretting the coming of the railroad, with its old construction camps and stables left about the river flats disfiguring the landscape, when we discovered outside one of these an immense quantity of enormous field mushrooms. In a few minutes we had filled two large copper pots and for several meals feasted on delicious juicy fried mushrooms. I think this in a way compensated, temporarily at least, for the injury to the landscape.

As we followed the old Indian trail up the Snake Indian River over a high ridge, we looked back for a last view. To the eastward rose the rectangular cliff of Roche Miette, located just inside the present Jasper National Park gate, one of the most notable landmarks along the old Yellowhead route made famous in the 1800s by the traders and explorers of the Hudson's Bay Company. Beyond this guardian of the Athabasca valley were the lower peaks of the outside ranges. In the other direction was a prettier sight, for the fresh snows had given a touch to the higher mountains that was very refreshing indeed under the hot June sun. Pyramid Mountain towered above its surroundings in a beautiful sharp peak, a far more impressive sight than the view of it as seen from Jasper.

The sun however did not last long, for the clouds quickly rolled up, stormy looking ones too, and in a few minutes the wind began to howl and whistle through the standing dead timber. Then it began to hail, and big stones driven by this furious blast stung both men and horses. The latter liked it the least and turned tail into the wind, so it was with great difficulty that we forced them to move on. Now and then a tree crashed to the ground with a loud report, reminding one that travelling through standing burnt timber is not always the safest place during a heavy blow.

We were directly in the center of the storm, and the vivid flashes of the lightning accompanied simultaneously by deafening peals of thunder were none too pleasant, threatening as they did to stampede the horses any minute. However, it soon cleared, and the sun speedily dried out our clothes and warmed us up. The effect of its rays was certainly beneficial, for during this brief storm the temperature had dropped rapidly and it had turned bitterly cold.

That night we had an interesting time and for reasons which will soon be seen we always referred to it as the menagerie camp. No sooner had we put up our teepee on a little grassy flat along the Snake Indian River than

literally dozens of varying hares (snowshoe rabbits) began hopping all about. One man dropped his buckskin gloves while working on a wet knot. Not long afterward, only the metal buttons remained. Still, these hares were merely an incident.

About supper time we heard a squeal, and looking across the stream saw on the opposite bank, not two hundred yards away, a she grizzly bear and two cubs just disappearing into the thick bushes. Apparently the mother had struck one of her youngsters over the head which had caused it to give vent to its feelings.

When the excitement of this had worn off, I wandered up the river not more than two hundred yards and stood gazing at the almost perpendicular cliff of slate at the foot of which the river flowed. As this country has many outcropping coal seams, I was intently examining this formation when before my eyes, harmonizing in color with the background, materialized two sheep, a ewe and a yearling, busily licking the face of the rock. As I moved away to tell the men, the sheep saw me and started slowly to ascend the almost sheer cliff. As one of our objects was to procure specimens of sheep, all this was of special interest to us. Then as we stood and watched the Bighorns climb slowly upward, there on the upper edge of the cliff appeared a goat. Both he and the sheep were moth-eaten specimens, as they were in the midst of shedding their winter coats, and large pieces of hair and wool hung on their flanks ready to be pulled off by the bushes. To say the least, they were far from being attractive looking individuals, This certainly was an interesting moment, for the goat evidently was headed for the same lick from which the sheep were returning.

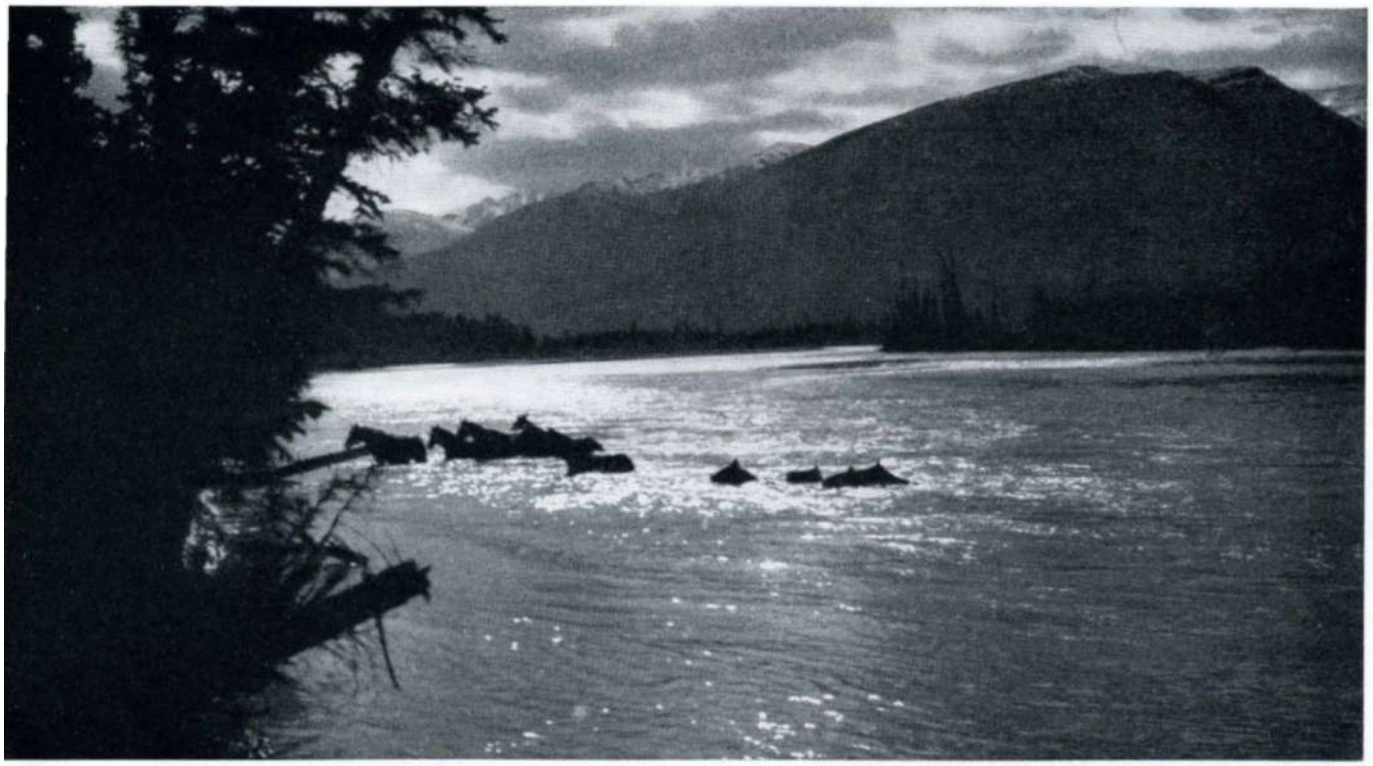
However, he stopped on the upper ledge and stood looking down at the sheep who continued ascending until they were on the same level. Then the question was, who would give way to the other! There they stood, eyeing each other, while we momentarily expected some sort of a fight might ensue. Neither seemed to like the looks of the other. Finally the sheep backed off about thirty or forty yards and gave the goat a chance to go below to the lick, which he proceeded to do unmolested.

Nothing more was seen of the bears. It was a great chance for her to have killed a sheep, and unless it was because of our scent we could not understand why they

Mount Robson, 12,972 feet, highest peak in the Canadian Rockies. Nicholas Morant

never reappeared. Some say that sheep and goat are never seen on the same mountain, but this is not true. Although their ranges are separate, as the types of mountains each inhabit are so distinctive as to be readily discernible, both sometimes do range over the same country and cases of this kind are not rare. Because of their keeping apart, they are apt to have separate licks as well, but in this case the goat and sheep mountains were almost part of the same range so this incident was easily accounted for. To have seen grizzly bears as well as goat and sheep all within three hundred yards of one another, and at precisely the same time, was extremely unusual.

The first few days of our trip being through the lower valleys, the predominating trees were poplar and balm-of-gilead with some spruce and pine; but as a little higher country was reached, the latter two trees became more and more numerous until finally the poplar and balm-of-gilead were no longer seen. For some time we travelled along good trails formerly used by the Cree Indians on their hunting trips, at times crossing big open flats covered with long grass still brown, for the spring snows had only just gone. These stretches would be succeeded by beautiful parklike groves of jackpine. It was ideal travelling, and as the warm sun brought out the perfume of the flowers that grew everywhere in abundance, while the fragrance of the balm-of-gilead filled the air and the birds flew about singing, it seemed that nothing could be more perfect.



Swimming the horses across the Athabasca River. S. P. Fay

One thing only spoiled the effect. The mosquitoes swarmed at times, especially toward sunset, and for the first part of the trip before the nights became sufficiently cold they were terrible. The air was so full of them that it was a source of wonder how it contained them all at once. Our head nets helped us to sleep, but the incessant hum nearly drove us frantic. However, they were not with us continually, and sometimes for several consecutive nights we were free from the miserable pests.

Since the menagerie camp we had seen goat and sheep several times, but we continued for ten days further through unfamiliar country. After a miserable long day on the trail, through endless muskeg, in a driving rain we made camp among the wet spruces, a forlorn looking place at the time. But when the weather cleared that afternoon it proved to be an ideal spot, and later on we often looked back on it as one of the snuggest camps of the whole trip. It was fascinating to be back among the sheep hills once more, especially as, although it was during the close season, we had special permits to collect for what is now the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service, much of this country being—as the Geographic Board of Canada expressed it in a letter to me—"a large blank on our maps."

Seldom have I enjoyed anything more than the following few days. When we left camp in the early morning for the day's hunt, the hermit thrushes were singing in the big spruces, and as we reached timber line the simple little notes of the golden crowned sparrows greeted us. Flowers of endless kinds carpeted the hillsides, but of all the different varieties we saw that day or in fact during the whole trip, none seemed quite as fascinating as the dainty little mountain forget-me-not. It grew everywhere above timber line and seemed to flourish among the rocks as well as in the grass. The remembrance of climbing over those grassy hills, the slopes of which were blue with these little flowers, while the notes of the golden crowned sparrows filled the air—that remembrance will never fade.

A few days later we again hunted, for a ewe this time as we now had fine specimen rams. As we reached the summit of one of the typical sheep mountains on the Sulphur River, a sight greeted us that caused considerable excitement and speculation. From our elevation of about 8,000 feet we had a magnificent extended panoramic view of the mountains for miles and miles around. About thirty miles away south by west (compass direction) rose the superb head of Mt. Robson shimmering in the morning sunlight.

Looking further around, we saw more than sixty miles off in a direction northwest by north another tremendous mountain, immediately recognized as our big peak which I'd first seen in September 1912. Even at this great distance, double that to Mt. Robson, our mountain seemed to suffer nothing by comparison which justified our former belief in its great height.

Realizing the length of the trip ahead, we thought it inadvisable to hunt for a ewe, deeming it wiser to trust that we'd be lucky enough to get one as we went along. So down the Sulphur River we went on our way to the Smoky, bagging our museum ewe from the canyon of the Sulphur, as it happened. On July 27 we swam the horses across the Smoky, up which we headed.

So far, nearly all of the way had been through country unfamiliar to us, but now we came to the trail on which I had been in 1912, and so for several days we passed by mountains and through valleys that seemed like old friends, with our old camps serving as landmarks. On July 31, from the trail high above the Muddy Water River, we caught a glimpse of our big mountain to the northwest. It was only momentary, however, for a sudden rapid descent hid the snow peak behind the nearer ranges.

From here on the scenery becomes very beautiful indeed, and each day its attractiveness increases until, finally, the climax of high rugged mountains of snow and ice and beautiful lakes of ever-changing colors is reached. This spot is the region I will dwell on, for to my mind it rivals some of the finest scenic points in the Canadian Rockies.

The summit at the head of Sheep Creek, which creek provides a low pass of about 5,000 feet over the Continental Divide to the waters of the Fraser River on the British Columbia side, we reached through country that became more and more open until, finally, we emerged from parklike groves of spruce onto a big expanse of open meadows miles in length. These extended all the way across the valley bottom, which was more than half a mile in width, and here as on the slopes of the mountains, flowers of endless variety grew in abundance. We camped in an open grove, finding as the only intruders since we had been here two years before an Indian hunting party of the previous summer.

Our site was an ideal one, for the valley which ran east and west commanded an extensive view of open meadowland backed by rugged rock mountains of moderate height. It was not wonderful or even highly impressive, but it was distinctly an ideally lovely spot, for the composition was nearly perfect. The sun at this time of year did not set until late, and after supper we sat about the campfire listening to the simple tuneful notes of the sparrows which were occasionally interrupted by the chuckling call of a willow ptarmigan flying past on set wings. The bright rays of the late afternoon sun, followed by the afterglow, made a setting which long remained in our memory.

From the mountains opposite this camp we first saw the big mountain in September 1912, but as we were now sure of its general location it seemed inadvisable to waste a day in order to get just another view of it, for days were precious now.

In the second half of this article Mr. Fay will tell of the continuation of his trip during which they got closer to this great mountain and named it.

Miss Whiteley spent the summer of 1955 at Bella Coola and was present at the unveiling of the tablet referred to here.

How the dogged Bella Coolans, aided by government grants, hacked a road through the formidable Coast Range to the sea.

THE BELLA COOLA ROAD

by Mary Whiteley

Photos by Richard Harrington
(except where noted)

ON a rainy day in July, 1955, a handful of people gathered to watch British Columbia's Minister of Highways, Philip A. Gagliardi, cut a ribbon opening fifty miles of road in an obscure corner of the province. Some of them realized they were watching a far more significant event than just a road opening. For here was a doorway, chiselled out of the terrifying and formidable Coast Range, being opened to the sea. Linking Anahim Lake, on the edge of British Columbia's Chilcotin ranch lands, to tidewater, the new road squeezes through the mountains and reaches the coast at Bella Coola, a little fishing village at the head of North Bentinck Arm, 325-odd miles northwest from Vancouver.

The doorway had always been there, but only trappers, Indians and pack trains could squeeze through it. Late in the 18th century a dauntless Scot named Alexander Mackenzie plunged through it, letting neither mountain, torrent, nor hostile Indian turn aside his rigid determination to reach the sea. During the gold rush of the 1860s a few pack trains loaded up from ships at the river mouth

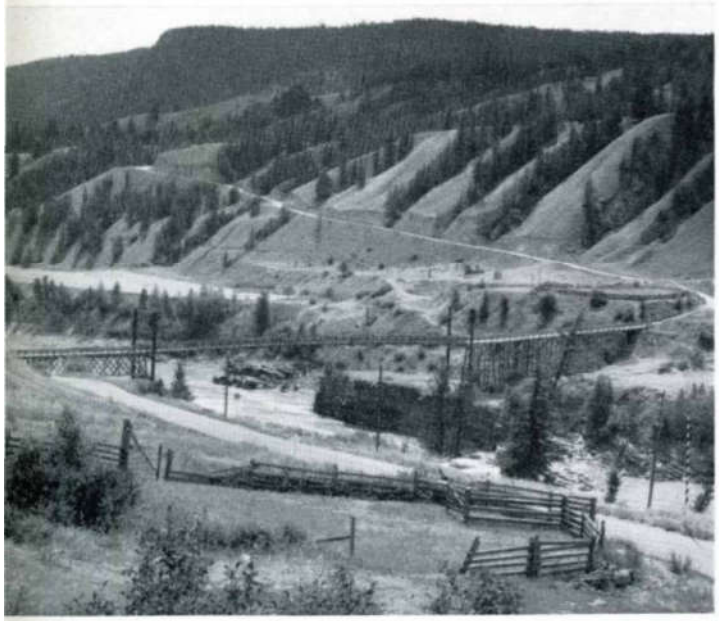
Looking eastward up the valley of the Bella Coola. A good gravel highway, started by the Scandinavian settlers, is hidden by the trees.
M. Whiteley

and wound slowly back over the mountains to the Interior. Trappers and miners on foot or on horseback could and did penetrate the coastal barrier and in 1862 a group of "Overlanders" got through to Bella Coola from Quesnel. But to the motorized transport of the twentieth century the mountains, until 1955, presented a solid, unbroken and formidable barrier.

The dogged Bella Coolans who got their road built weren't the first to get the idea. Others before them eyed the long gash of Burke Channel, winding inland seventy miles from the coast, and visualized a connecting link between Interior and sea.

In July, 1862, Lieutenant Palmer, R.E., and a party of four explored the country for possible road routes, starting from Bella Coola and working back to Fort Alexander on the Fraser. In his report Palmer wrote:

"The country under discussion also presents many features favourable to road-making, such as the generally easy gradients, small timber, scarcity of brushwood and comparative absence of rock *in situ*.



This bridge over the Fraser River, west of Williams Lake, leads to the Chilcotin Plateau.

"On the other hand, the formidable slides in the valley of the Atnarko, the number and extent of the swamps on the plateau and the small size of the timber (which, though favourable in one respect, is a serious drawback where much corduroying and bridging are required) are obstacles deserving attention.

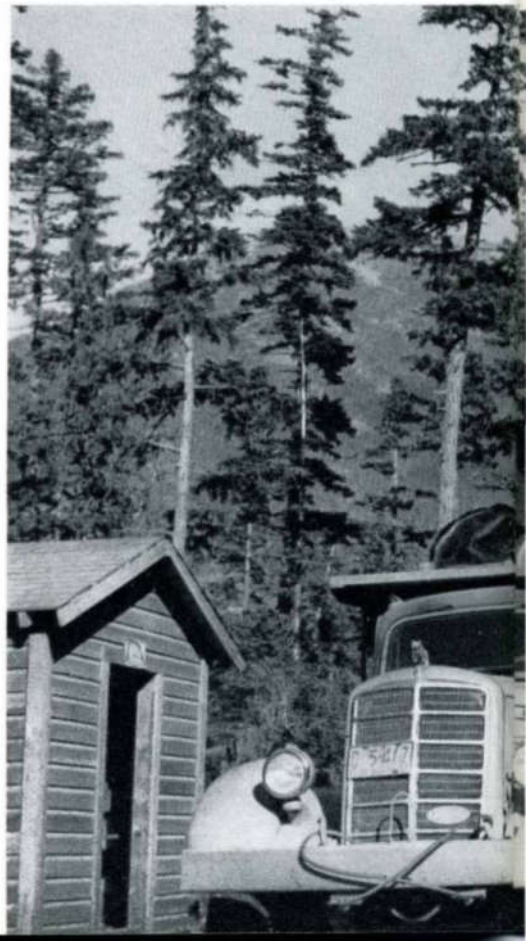
"But in discussing the practicability of a projected highway of commerce to an extensive and populous gold region, the graver questions of soil and pasturage claim attentive consideration, and in these two highly important respects it is impossible to speak favourably of the Bentinck Arm route."

In the spring of 1864, Alfred Waddington had two crews working on a road which was to connect Bute Inlet, south of Bella Coola, to the gold-fields. One crew worked at the Bute Inlet end and the other was sent overland from Bella Coola to the Fraser to start work there. Waddington's crews, though repeatedly warned, refused to bear arms in defence against the Chilcotin Indians, whose tempers had grown ugly over the last months. One April day the Chilcotin chief, Klattasine, and two of his men wandered into the ferryman's camp and asked for food after an unsuccessful hunting trip. The ferryman, Timothy Smith, refused them with insulting rudeness—and paid for it with his life.

The Indians carried off about half a ton of food, then returned to their own people, made up a war party, and surrounding the work party's camp just before dawn, collapsed the tents on the sleepers, and stabbing and shooting through them, killed eleven of Waddington's men. A surviving Irishman escaped to the advance camp, only to find all three of its members dead, with the leader cut to pieces.

That was the end of Waddington's road. About the same time Chilcotin Indians fell on a pack train led by Alexander Macdonald, Malcolm McLeod and Peter MacDougall. All three were killed, and MacDougall's Indian consort robbed of the gold MacDougall had given her to carry. Survivors of the pack train massacre eventually reached Bella Coola, and their news put the sixteen white people there into a state of siege. The Hudson's Bay factor, the Customs officials, and their white neighbours kept to their homes watching the Bella Coola natives fearfully, for fired by the success of the Chilcotins, the Valley Indians took up their weapons and looked speculatively at the little group of settlers.

But in true story-book tradition, up the narrow inlet steamed *H.M.S. Sutlej* bearing Governor Seymour from Victoria. When cannon shots roared over the quiet valley saluting the Queen on the anniversary of her accession, any warlike ideas the Bella Coola natives entertained disappeared with the first menacing thunder. Governor Seymour enlisted a few of them to help hunt down the Waddington murderers. Two expeditions from different points set out to punish the Chilcotins, but only five of the offenders were ever caught.



A truckload of logs rolls down the valley road. Frank Cook

A provincial plaque, temporarily hung from a tree, marks the spot where two bulldozers touched blades to complete the road on this steep mountain side.

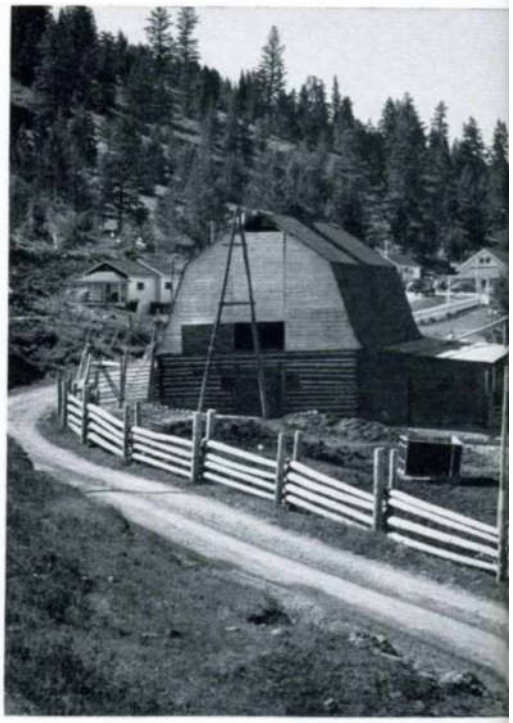
In spite of the peace that once more descended over dark forest and shining mountain, one by one the few white people of the Valley began to leave. Perhaps their nerves cracked under the strain of waiting, of watching the thick bush daily for the savages it might shelter. At any rate by the early 1870s only the Hudson's Bay factor remained at the lonely gateway to the sea.

In 1894, the *Princess Louise* steamed up Burke Channel bearing 81 Norwegian settlers under the dynamic leadership of the Reverend Christian Saugstad, after whom a a nearby peak is named. Bad fall floods greeted the settlers, and some of the faint-hearted left this inhospitable land without a regret a month later when the steamer returned. Albert Pootlass, an old Bella Coola Indian, tells how he and a group of his nine and ten-year-old Indian friends thought they'd like to stick the white people with their spears to see if they'd bleed white or red!

By the early summer of 1955 only three of the original settlers survived. One of these, Torger Olsen, lives on the other side of the Bella Coola river in the Salloomt River Valley, in a hand-hewn log house built by himself. Bent and gnarled, standing somewhere around five foot six, tales of his phenomenal strength still circulate around the Valley. Somebody met him one day not far from his house, carry-

Bella Coola fishermen come home for a summer weekend. M. Whiteley

Chilco ranch, a large cattle spread nea



ing a hundred-pound sack of potatoes in each hand. The two men stopped to chat, and while they talked Torger swung the potatoes idly back and forth.

"Whyn't you put them spuds down?" demanded his companion.

"I'm not tired," retorted Torger. "Just left home!"

Until a few years ago he still worked with a team of oxen, whom he called "the boys". "The boys" received every consideration from their tender-hearted master. A neighbour happened along one evening and found Torger pulling a hay-rake around himself, while the oxen grazed peacefully nearby.

"What's the matter with *them*?" demanded the neighbour indignantly.

"Oh," said Torger indulgently, "The boys are pretty tired. They've been working hard all day."

He tells of two of his brother settlers who attempted to ride the river to its mouth that flood-ridden fall of '94. Unable to handle their small boat in the swollen, angry current the two men managed to drag themselves and their capsized craft ashore on a small island midstream. One was for pushing off again, but the other objected.

The first got in the boat, ready to take off. The other insisted they should stay where they were. Said the first, with a quick glance at the woods behind his companion, "All right then. But ask that fellow behind you what he wants."

His friend turned, beheld a huge grizzly eyeing him from the edge of the trees, and decided to take his chances with the river. And their second try took them safely to the river's mouth.

The hardy Norse settlers hacked out farms along the river valley, and discovered that the land which grew the firs and cedars would also grow plentiful field crops and garden produce. Cabbages as big as pumpkins still lie in the sunny fields of anyone willing to grow them, trees in roadside orchards bend to the ground with their burden of red-cheeked apples, and the cattle wandering up and down the highway are fat and prosperous. Soon Saugstad's people began to think about a road. They started one themselves and year by year pushed it back from the river mouth, along the valley, until they had extended it forty miles toward the barrier mountains behind them. The Government, far to the south in Victoria, beset by the problems of governing the meanest terrain in Canada, ignored their pleas for a highway.

Then in 1912 a land rush to the Ootsa Lake district behind the valley brought the road a step nearer. But not until 1930 did rumours of expansion stir the little village, apparently asleep in its beautiful valley. The government decided to survey for a highway, but at the sight of the canyons, so high and so narrow that even the sun seldom shone in, the officials backed off, shuddering at the mere idea of the expense.

Hanceville, south of the Chilcotin River.

The overgrown graveyard of Bella Coola has only one totem left.

Even without a road, the Valley could not hope to maintain its splendid isolation. In 1937 the lumber industry moved in, and Bella Coola gradually became the centre of a very intensive logging operation. The timber companies built better roads for their trucks, a sawmill, a store at the Valley settlement of Hagensborg, a garage, and in conjunction with the provincial Department of Public Works, a bridge across the Bella Coola River into the heavily-timbered valley of the Salloomt River. This bridge incidentally brought "town" much closer to those settlers living on the other side of the river seven miles from the nearest store.

Pat and Sherry Croft of the Salloomt not only contended with the swift-running river, but also disputed the right to their land with a thriving colony of grizzlies. An early Norse settler had left behind a little house surrounded by a field of stumps and skunk cabbage. Grizzlies love skunk cabbage, and while Pat worked in her garden among the stumps she learned to gauge the proximity of the grizzlies by the behaviour of her cats. When the cats hiked for the cellar Pat reached for her little .22. Spying a bear standing on a log, pawing at the bark for grubs, she would plant a couple of shots under his feet. The spiteful crack of the .22 usually startled the bear enough to scare him away—and if he didn't scare Pat figured she could reach the house first. She once killed a grizzly with a high-powered .22, though professional hunters won't approach one without a heavy 30.06 or gun of similar calibre.

Meanwhile settlement crept closer from the Interior. Ranches gradually dotted the countryside nearer and nearer to the coastal village, and a road of sorts crept over the country as far as Anahim Lake, just ninety miles away from the ocean and Bella Coola. About fifty miles of wilderness remained between the end of the Valley road and the Anahim Lake terminus of the Interior trail.

During the second Great War, hopeful Bella Coolans almost got their road. Expedition "Polar Bear" with temporary headquarters at Anahim Lake, had men, horses, Weasels, jeeps, "cats" and equipment sufficient to build a road from Vancouver to Alaska. Officers looked the route over, and promised to be in Bella Coola in a couple of weeks. But something went wrong. Rumour had it that the military figured since they couldn't get through the mountains from the east, the Japs couldn't get through them from the west. The fact remains that the men and equipment were mobilized to build a road just off into the woods.

Again, a few years later, a military operation landed in the area with some very expensive road-building material, and the engineer in charge asked to take the machinery out by what he considered the cheapest way—by building a road to Bella Coola. But word came through that the machinery must be taken out the same way it came in.

So in 1952 the Board of Trade, spearheaded by an energetic writer, photographer and storekeeper named Clifford Kopas, (*Beaver* June '47), informed the government they intended to go ahead with the road themselves. The government paid no attention. Thereupon the optimistic Board of Trade hired a D6 Caterpillar tractor on the strength of $250 in the bank, and with it their engineer, Elijah Gurr, dauntlessly began to claw his way through the Coast Range. A tentative route had been mapped out by two logging men, Curtis Urseth and Norman Saugstad. Gurr asked the aid of Thomas Squiness, Anahim Lake Indian rancher and wolf hunter, to help him blaze a trail. Squiness didn't like the idea, as he supported the Anahim Lake ranchers opposing the road. Gurr told him the road would go through, with or without his help, and finally Squiness agreed. Valley people say Squiness has built-in radar; Gurr probably thinks he has a built-in Diesel too, for the engineer wore out $90 worth of boots just keeping up with his Indian trail-blazer.

Meanwhile the Bella Coola Board of Trade got behind the road with all the enthusiasm and hard work it could muster. Clifford Kopas wrote reams on the subject, showering the Valley, the neighbouring towns of Ocean Falls, Namu and Bella Bella with publicity releases and newspaper articles on the subject until every person for miles around knew about the road and got pretty sick of hearing about it. But the dogged perseverance of the Bella Coolans finally paid off in a $10,000 grant from the Government. Gurr added a TD 18 International Bulldozer to his equipment and a powder crew to his construction gang. They found a new route down a 3,000 foot incline, and in spite of heavy snow and the difficulties of supplying a remote camp, the work went ahead all winter. The Government donated another $10,000, then $20,000, and finally had poured $50,000 into the new route to the sea.

The Bella Coolans built the last 2,800 feet themselves. The Government, regretfully refusing more money, since has refunded the cash the energetic little settlement scraped together to blast and gouge the way through the last rock barriers. Men worked without guarantee of pay, determined to finish what they'd started, and finally, on September 24, 1953, the bulldozer from Bella Coola touched blades with the bulldozer from the Anahim Lake end of the trail.

So the road is finished, and with the beginning of communication between Coast and Interior comes the end of the loneliness on which a few of the oldtimers thrive. Some of them, bushed by their long years of isolation, do their bit to add colour to the yarns the tourists love. There's a story about one farmer's wife who wouldn't keep the bull fenced in. A neighbour, "packing" mail on foot down the trail, had to pass close to the animal, which began to paw the ground belligerently. The postie loosened his gun, determined to defend himself. But an angry feminine voice shrilled from the direction of the barn,

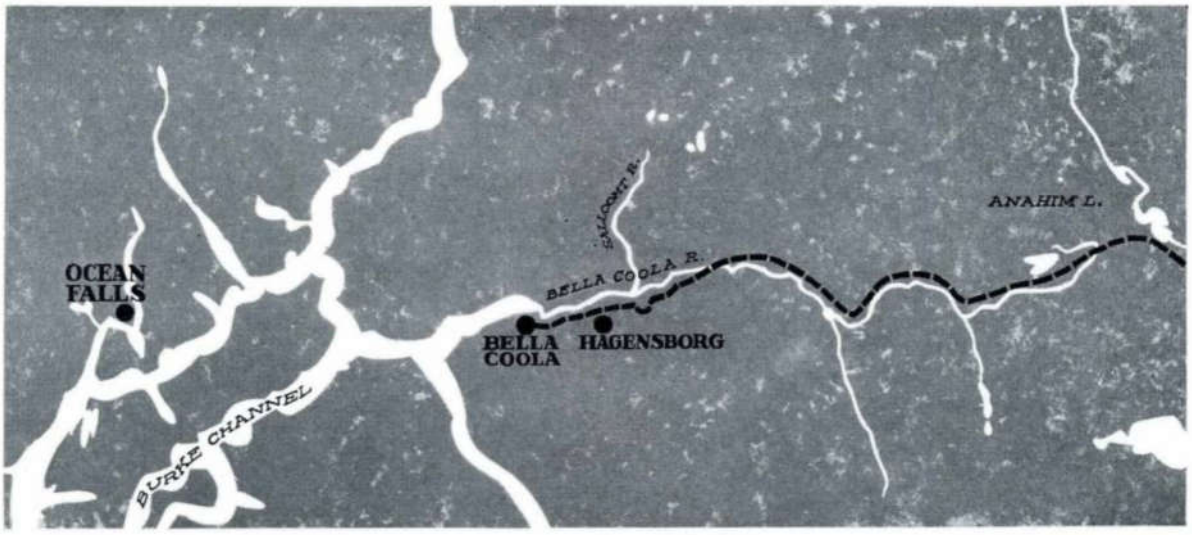
There are plenty of colourful cowboys like Grover Hance and Johnny Jack (a Chilcotin Indian) in the ranching country along the road.

"If you shoot that bull, it'll be the dearest beefsteak *you* ever ate!"

"If he makes medicine, so will I!" retorted the postie.

Fortunately for both sides, the bull changed his mind, the postie went his way, and the beefsteak stayed on the hoof.

If the Valley breeds eccentrics, it also breeds men who love its beauty and the graceful animals it shelters. One of these, Bert Robson, whose "Mountain House" is known to many hunters, feeds and protects a number of deer who fearlessly visit his alpine meadows and eat out of his hand. Bert had occasion to direct three hunters through his property. He warned them about the deer in his meadow. The hunters promised to spare the tame deer, but a few minutes after they'd left Bert heard a shot. He snatched up his gun and hurried to the meadow, and found to his grief and disgust that one trigger-happy hunter had shot a twin doe calf. The hunter grew rather hostile when Bert turned on him angrily, and said he'd shoot a deer wherever he saw one and what was Bert going to do about it. Bert balanced his gun easily in his hands, and said, with measured emphasis:



Rennie Hance, son of a pioneer rancher, chats with 86-year-old Mrs. Norman Lee about the old days.

"You shoot another deer and you'll be walking on wooden legs for the rest of your life!"

The visitor went off hastily, deciding hunting looked healthier a mile or so away.

For real hunters not interested in the unsportsmanlike pursuit of tame deer, there's some of the finest big-game hunting on the continent. Clayton Mack, Indian hunter and guide, two years ago helped his American client bag the second-largest grizzly bear ever taken. They shot the bear in Kwatna Inlet, about thirty miles down Burke Channel. Clayton and Cliff Kopas go there periodically for pictures, and a few years ago took Thor Heyerdahl, of *Kon-Tiki* fame, with them. Heyerdahl wanted a bear steak, and Mack obligingly got him one which they cooked and ate on the spot.

Valley businessmen hope the new road will become a freight route, between the sea at their front door and the rich Interior ranching lands at their back. They look to it to bring a steadily-increasing stream of tourists, and the mounting motor traffic of the 1955 summer indicated their hopes would be justified in the next few years.

For the scenery of the Bella Coola valley is superb; rank upon rank of stately fir rising straight and majestic beside the road, peak after ice-clad peak gleaming in the sunlight, streams leaping down from the heights in lacy froth, and tiny flower-spangled upland meadows appearing through the trees—where else can one find all these grouped within fifty miles on the doorstep of the sea? ◆

by James McCook

Illustrations from "The Fur Country"

Opposite: Sergeant Long and Lieut. Hobson defy the elements.

WITH VERNE IN THE ARCTIC

Over 80 years ago, the author of "Around the World in 80 Days" set out on one of his *voyages imaginaires* with a crew of HBC stalwarts and some assorted Victorian females.

OF all the North's great heroes there's none that can compare with the good Sergeant Long. In 1859 he was 50 years of age and sported a rough beard "that looked as if it were made of cocoa-nut fibre." Constitutionally brave, he had no ambition but to obey orders, never questioning them, never reasoning for himself when on duty for the lucky Hudson's Bay Company. He was "a true machine in uniform; but a perfect machine, never wearing out; ever on the march, yet never showing signs of fatigue."

This paragon is encountered in *The Fur Country, or Seventy Degrees North Latitude*, a novel by Jules Verne translated from the French by N. D'Anvers in Clapham, London, in 1873. Verne (1828-1905) dashed off this book in the racy style of a pioneer science fiction writer whose name would live because of *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea* and *Around the World in 80 Days*.

Clearly he had studied available maps and accounts of exploration and travel in the Canadian North but, alas, there were gaps in his knowledge, and through them slipped Sergeant Long and others of a very gallant if improbable company.

Let us join the Sergeant in his finest hour.

Be it understood that his commanding officer, Lieutenant Hobson (Verne evidently believed the Company operated as a private army) had just opened the farthest north Hudson's Bay post at Cape Bathurst. It is more than a detail that Hobson, raised in the lee of the Rockies and 40 years old, had been silly enough to build the new fort on ice instead of rock on the Arctic shore. No doubt he had been confused by the rank growth of underbrush and the high trees growing out of the ice. Modern maps show the tree line 100 miles south, but no matter, the only unusual fact noted by Lieutenant Hobson as he selected the site was that no stones were to be found even in summer.

When winter came the party holed up in the fort. When the weather was cold they remained inside because there can be "no doubt that sudden death may result from braving a temperature in which mercury freezes." From the surrounding forest they had cut abundant fuel in good weather but one cold snap continued so long that they had no fuel left inside.

And the woodshed—oh anguish!—was "about fifty steps to the left, behind the principal house."

At three o'clock one morning Lieutenant Hobson consulted the thermometer hanging in the large main room about ten feet from the stove. It showed four degrees Fahrenheit below zero.

"The Lieutenant pressed his hand to his forehead, and looked mournfully at his companions without a word."

Something must be done.

He called Long, Mac-Nab and Rae the blacksmith, the bravest men in his party. Action was necessary and they went to work with a will.

They washed the window panes with boiling water!

"Starving polar bears which crouched on the roof waiting for white meat."

Not for us nearly a century later to wonder where the boiling water came from. When the window was clear they could see the thermometer they had placed outside in balmy weather.

"Seventy-two degrees!" cried Hobson.

Undaunted, he made a quick assessment. Two courses were open. They could burn the furniture to keep the stoves going a few more days or they could risk their lives to get more wood from the woodshed.

"Let us risk our lives to get fuel," said Sergeant Long.

To work!

It was agreed that one of the men should try and run the 50 steps to the shed. He would have a rope wound around his body and carry another, one end of which would be held by a comrade who remained in the fort. Once at the shed, if fortune favoured him, he would load a sled with fuel, tie a rope to the front and another to the back of the "vehicle" so that it could be dragged backwards and forwards between the house and the shed without much danger. A tug violently shaking one or the other cord would be the signal that the sled was filled with fuel at the shed or unloaded in the fort.

Two things might defeat the plan—the door of the shed might be blocked by ice, or the bears might come down from the roof and attack.

Yes, the bears. The party was besieged by starving polar bears which crouched on the roof waiting for white meat.

Long, Mac-Nab and Rae all volunteered, but the Sergeant reminded the other two that they were married and insisted on being the first to venture. Hobson himself would willingly have gone but his post as commander "imposed caution." The remainder of the party, with the exception of one woman who shall be mentioned later, were "asleep or stupefied."

The brave fellow made ready:

"The Sergeant wound one [rope] round his body above the warm furs, worth some thousand pounds sterling, in which he was encased, and tied the other to his belt, on which he hung a tinder-box and loaded revolver. Just before starting he swallowed down half a glass of rum, as he said, 'to ensure a good load of wood'."

In view of what happened we do well to remember that rum.

Rae climbed through the trapdoor to the loft to make sure the bears were still on the roof. They were. The moment had come!

One of the two doors to the outside world was opened. In spite of the thick furs they wore all felt chilled to the marrow. The second door was opened and they recoiled for an instant, panting for breath while the moisture held in suspension in the air of the passage between the doors covered the walls and the floor with fine snow.

Sergeant Long — trust him! — dashed out without a moment's hesitation, dragging the rope behind him. They pushed shut both the outer and inner doors and how they contrived to avoid jamming the rope is none of our business.

Ten minutes should be enough for the Sergeant to load the sled. Rae continued to watch the bears on the roof. It was so dark they hoped the hungry animals would never notice the Sergeant.

Fifteen minutes passed. No signal! What had happened? Hobson waited a few minutes more and then gave the men a sign to pull on the rope. This was done and soon a heavy object bumped against the closed door.

"It was the body of the Sergeant, with the rope around his waist. Poor Long had never reached the shed. He had fallen fainting to the ground and after twenty minutes' exposure to such a temperature there was little hope that he would revive."

Knowing that the Sergeant was sheltered by the cocoa-nut fibre beard, a thousand pounds' worth of furs and a pure conscience we need not worry about him too much and we may relax for identification of another leading

character in this drama, Mrs. Paulina Barnett, a famous English traveller who had been determined to see the Arctic Ocean. She was tall, with hair turning white and near-sighted with double eyeglasses on a long straight nose. Her walk was "somewhat masculine."

She was almost as admirable as Long, as we shall see.

A cry of grief and despair burst from the lips of Mac-Nab and Rae (down from the loft) when they saw their frozen comrade. They lifted him and carried him into the passage while Lieutenant Hobson tried to close the outer door and could not—"something pushed violently against it, and a horrible growl was heard."

"Help!" cried Hobson.

"Mac-Nab and Rae rushed to their officer's assistance; but Mrs. Barnett had been beforehand with them, and was struggling with all her strength to help Hobson close the door. In vain; the monstrous brute, throwing the whole weight of its body against it, would force its way into the passage in another moment.

"Mrs. Barnett, whose presence of mind did not forsake her now, seized one of the pistols in the Lieutenant's belt, and waiting quietly until the animal shoved its head between the door and the wall, discharged the contents into its open mouth.

"The bear fell backwards, mortally wounded no doubt, and the door was shut and securely fastened."

This done, the valiant Rae looked at the frozen Long and said that he would go out for wood. "Yes, Rae, we'll go together!" exclamed Mrs. Barnett whose courage was unabated.

Hobson wouldn't hear of it—"you would fall victims to the cold, or the bears, or both," he declared. They'd burn the furniture. So they did.

Meantime they rubbed the Sergeant with warm rum, but several hours had passed before he could articulate a word.

Still it was just one dang thing after another. The bears started tearing off the roof. "The day passed by in anxious anticipation, and at night no one could sleep for the uproar made by the furious beasts."

By the next day the bears had damaged the chimneys and the hapless people were in danger of being suffocated by smoke.

No wonder some of the women screamed, but we bet Mrs. Barnett didn't. Hobson, driven to distraction, picked up an axe and dashed up the trapdoor ladder shouting: "To the bears! to the bears, my friends."

It was a forlorn hope. Hobson led the way, opened the trapdoor and a few shots were fired into the black whirlpool of smoke. Mingled howls and screams were heard and blood began to flow on both sides.

In the midst of the melée a rumbling sound drowned the tumult. The ground—or rather ice—became agitated and the fort rocked. The beams of the walls separated and through the openings Hobson and his friends saw the terrified bears rushing away in the darkness, howling with rage and fright.

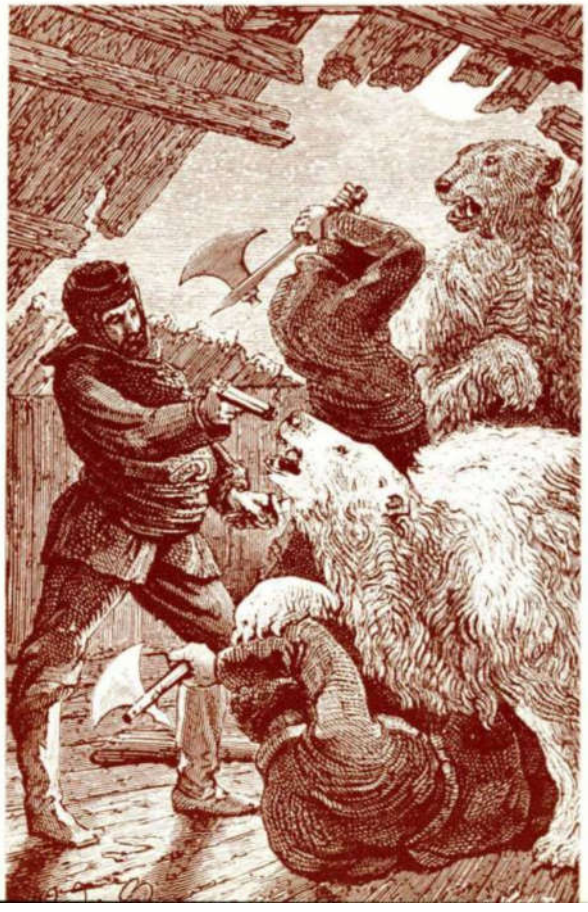
It was an earthquake and if ever an earthquake was a pleasant diversion this was it. To add to their relief, the weather moderated and soon they could go out of doors without imminent danger of death.

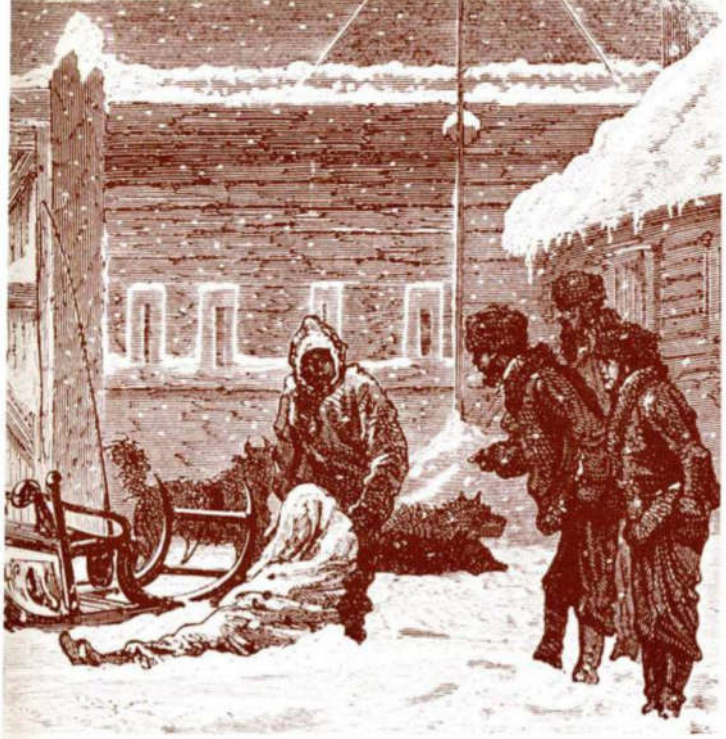
All this of course covers but one portion of the drama of *The Fur Country*.

The story begins on March 17, 1859, with Captain Craventy giving a "fête" at Fort Reliance which Verne had seen on the map at the tip of the eastern arm of Great Slave Lake. The walls of the room, composed of roughly-hewn trunks of trees, had their nakedness disguised by arms and armour borrowed from the arsenal of the fort. From the beams hung "magnificent furs admirably arranged. . . . It seemed as if the whole fauna of the ice-bound north were here represented by their finest skins." Above the display in brilliantly-coloured and artistically-shaped cardboard was the motto of the Company, given as "Propelle Cutum."

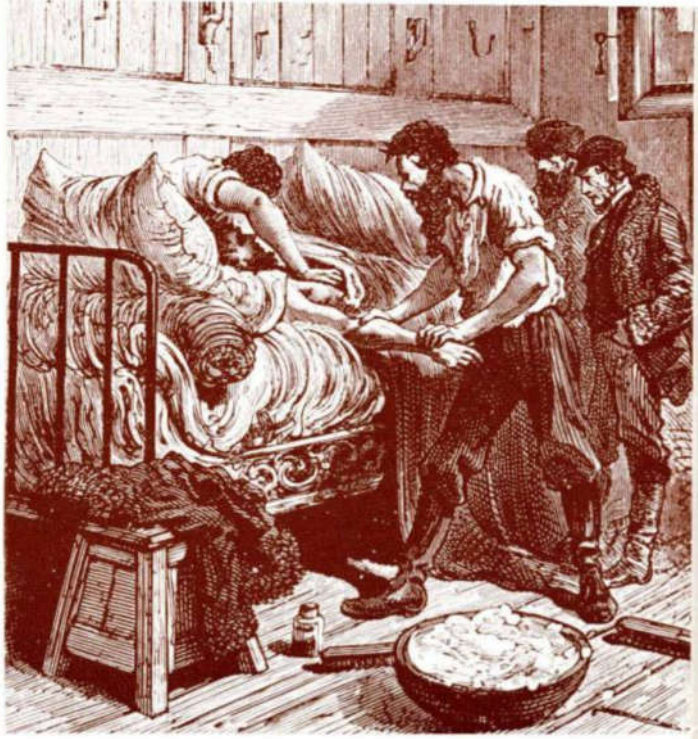
Capt. Craventy as commandant complimented Corporal Joliffe—he must at once be identified as the comic relief—

"Mingled howls and screams were heard."





Arrival of the frozen astronomer.



Rum and snow for Mr. Black.

and Mrs. Joliffe on the handsome decorations. An old soldier kept shovelling coal into the great stove in the centre of the room. The guests included Indians who wore fine furs and headdresses of eagles' feathers. Everyone shared a "pyramidal pudding" made by Mrs. Joliffe of flour, fat, reindeer venison and musk beef. Hobson was there, ready to lead the expedition to the northern sea and Craventy had given him the Governor's instructions to take Mrs. Barnett with him.

Verne was informed about the Arctic to the extent that he had Craventy telling Mrs. Barnett the Company planned a fort on the Arctic Ocean because Russia was about to cede her North American possessions to the United States and fur traders in Canada feared the Americans would block their access to the Pacific. Capt. Craventy was so modern in his views that he deplored the "massacre" of fur-bearing animals without thought of the future but he maintained his spirits by taking his share of the whisky and gin at hand, topped by libations from the imposing bowl of punch which had been fortified with ten pints of coarse rum.

But this wasn't nearly exciting enough. Soon cries were heard from outside and the Captain bade Sergeant Long investigate. The good soldier left at once, his glass unfinished.

There were violent blows on the "postern gate." The Sergeant opened the gate and a sled drawn by six dogs dashed in. A man enveloped in furs descended.

"Fort Reliance?" he inquired.

"The same," said the Sergeant.

The stranger had a big bag on his sled. The Sergeant inquired about it. What was in it?

"My traveller," said the driver with dignity.

"Who is this traveller?"

"The astronomer, Thomas Black."

"But he is frozen."

"Well, he must be thawed."

(In confidence that Mr. Black will be all right we might here interject that names well-known in the fur trade and the Arctic appear often in *The Fur Country*, worn by members of the Hobson party—Black, John Rae, Belcher, Garry and Pond among them.)

Well, they applied punch—internally—to the astronomer, rubbed him with snow, gave him rum to drink and in the morning he had thrown off the effects of his ordeal. Almost no effort at all, it seemed. He had come north to observe the total eclipse of the sun on July 18, 1860, and he depended on the good offices of the Company to get him to seventy degrees north latitude for his scientific work. That should have been simple enough because Verne assures that at that time the Hudson's Bay Company employed "about a million men in its territories." No wonder beaver had become so scarce that bison skins were the medium of trade.

In due course the Hobson party set off north from Reliance, 20 souls in all, comfortably seated in their dog sleds, the soldiers carrying the musketoons provided by the Company, pistols, ordnance sabres and plenty of ammunition. They must have been the strongest sled dogs in history, 72 altogether, because in addition to hauling

Kyakers to the rescue on Great Bear Lake.

Astonishing discovery on the floating island.

humans and the standard supplies they had to transport axes, saws, adzes and other tools required in carpentry, a stove, a smelting furnace, two air-pumps for ventilation, and an india-rubber boat, only inflated when required.

They had several casks of rum and whisky but Hobson was determined to economize here as spirits were injurious to health in cold latitudes. Everyone was as merry as a lark, including the men on snowshoes, "scudding along at the pace of a horse in full gallop." They left on April 16 and on May 1 they reached Fort Enterprise, nearly 200 miles northwest as the crow flies. On May 4 they set off again for Fort Confidence on Great Bear Lake, another 250 miles, where they arrived on May 30 despite various difficulties including a blizzard which made them dig caves in icebergs on the lake where they survived for 48 hours.

When the party was in motion Sergeant Long sat beside Lieutenant Hobson on his sled as if rooted to his seat. Mrs. Barnett chatted of the contrast between the polar regions and the green prairies of Australia.

"Cold is my element, and no merit is due me for braving it," said Lieutenant Hobson. "It has no power over me." A pity someone didn't throw these words in his teeth at Cape Bathurst.

From time to time the travellers lightened the sleds by walking a little way and Mrs. Barnett enlivened such moments by commenting that the polar bears no doubt would give them quite as warm a welcome as the tigers of Tibet or the lions of Africa. Thomas Black was no help. "He was so corpulent that all exertion was disagreeable to him."

Beneath the trees at Fort Confidence strutted "ospreys two feet high" but even such a sight was insufficient to keep the restless Lieutenant Hobson and Mrs. Barnett from going sailing on Great Bear Lake where—the icebergs having left the way clear—they were caught in a storm, had their vessel sink beneath their feet and were rescued by Eskimos in kyaks who found them in the dark and took them ashore, where they recovered in no time.

The lake disaster gave opportunity for some stiff-upper-lip dialogue. When the boat was sinking Lieutenant Hobson bade Mrs. Barnett prepare for the worst.

"Alone you may save yourself," she said.

"Never!" said Hobson. (What did you expect?)

A strong swimmer, he supported her in the icy water until the kyak men heard his last despairing shout.

On June 2 they were off for the Coppermine River, with fresh dogs hauling the sleds at speed for the ground was covered with snow although Great Bear Lake was open.

On the way they talked of the fate of Franklin, and Verne through Hobson reveals his knowledge of the journeys of Samuel Hearne. They galloped down the Coppermine River to Coronation Gulf and the "well-wooded" Arctic coast. On June 20 they were at Darnley Bay, 200 miles west of the mouth of the Coppermine and on July 5 they reached Cape Bathurst, having covered another 150 miles.

They found "a good defensible position" for the new fort and the whole question was whether it was on or beyond the 70th parallel. Mr. Black wanted the 70th parallel for his observations and the Company men would

Sgt. Long gets lubricated for the 50-step dash.

have double pay if they were beyond the parallel. On July 6 Mr. Black took his observations and shortly after noon Lieutenant Hobson rose and said:

"My friends, from this date, July 6, I promise you double pay in the name of the Hudson's Bay Company."

"Hurrah for the Company," shouted the worthy companions of the Lieutenant with one voice.

Apparently a latitude of 70° 44′ 37″ was close enough for the astronomer.

They built the fort beside a lagoon, using their plentiful tools and—how did this get here?—a portable forge. The Lieutenant already had remarked to Mrs. Barnett that there was not a rock, a stone, nor even a flint or a pebble, to be seen. The soil consisted entirely of earth and sand, without a morsel of silica or broken granite. The timber used to build the fort, a species of Scotch fir, was plentiful and the timbers in the walls averaged 20 feet in length. When the walls were up, they installed a large iron furnace brought piecemeal from Reliance, another item of the dogs' burden not previously mentioned.

We may now return to the day after the earthquake when the bears had fled and Mrs. Barnett, coming outside to a temperature of 15 degrees above zero, made the stalwart remark that she would like to remain in the Arctic for another winter.

Life continued happily until May when the seed they had planted in the fall started to grow. Game was plentiful —the hunters never had to go more than two miles from the fort. The bears never reappeared on the roof, so great had been the terror caused by the earthquake. It was a fine existence and all was joy until July arrived without sight of the relief party. The eclipse appeared according to schedule and Mr. Black had his instruments ready.

Drama, did you say? This was it.

The day cleared and the excited astronomer was on the alert. They watched as the sun darkened.

But the disk of the moon did not completely cover the sun.

Mr. Black yelled in anguish.

"What is the matter?" inquired Hobson.

"The matter is," screamed the poor astronomer, "that the eclipse was not total—not total in this portion of the globe. Do you hear? It was not to-t-a-l! I say not to-t-a-l!"

They were not on the seventieth parallel after all, said Mr. Black. He would prove it by his instruments, and he did. Cape Bathurst had drifted three degrees further north since their arrival.

The fort had been built upon ice and the earthquake had cut the ice loose from the land. They were adrift in the Beaufort Sea!

No need to wring the withers of readers by the detail of the adventures of the ice island as it wandered through the seas, growing ever smaller, until the last fragment which carried them reached the shore of an Aleutian island.

We cannot leave, however, without seeing Sergeant Long in an extraordinary moment of doubt.

It was when they were approaching land with their fragment of ice growing smaller and smaller. Despite the help of the sail they had hoisted it was evident the ice would have disappeared by the time shore was reached. They were in despair, not too unfamiliar a sensation by then. But Thomas Black, that dour man, spoke up. They could save themselves. They should take the air pumps and harden the ice.

"He is mad!" exclaimed Long, in the rashest remark of his life.

The air pumps were at hand together with the air vessel which had been used as a reservoir for drinking water. The pumps were attached to the reservoir, the cover of which was closed and bolted. The pumps were set to work "and the air condensed under the pressure of several atmospheres. Then Black, taking one of the leather pipes connected with the reservoir and opening the cock, let the condensed air escape, walking round the ice wherever it was melting.

"Everyone was astonished at the result produced. Wherever the air was projected by the astronomer, the fissures filled up, and the surface re-froze." Soon afterwards they were safely ashore and friendly fishermen cared for them.

Mrs. Barnett left for England saying she would be back north again and Sergeant Long, having made a fool of himself for, we trust, the last time accompanied his officer back to Fort Reliance where no doubt a drop of rum remained for his comfort. ◆

NORTHERN BOOKS

ARCTIC BRIDE, by Wanda Neil Tolboom. Ryerson Press, Toronto, 1956. 256 pages. $4.50.

Reviewed by S. A. Hewitson

HERE is a very delightful and readable story of life in the Eastern Arctic, written by a woman who obviously enjoyed her stay at Povungnetuk, on the west coast of Quebec.

This book is much more than the story of an arctic bride, for here you will find Lake Harbour as it glistens in the sunlight nestled away in a fiord, the utter bedlam of Shiptime, and the gaiety of 180 Eskimos as they arrive at the Hudson's Bay Company post to celebrate Christmas. Everything that is reminiscent of the North is found in this book: mail day, visits from the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and the missionaries, and of course a dog team trip. The description of the countryside is beautifully done: "The fireweed . . . bell-like and brilliant, its blossoms hang from slender stems with all the delicacy of orchids."

One of the most interesting characters in this book is Johnnie POV, who is a handsome, diplomatic Eskimo, and his duties are many and varied. When the post manager, the author's husband, was ill it was Johnnie who "carried a notebook and pencil, and in Eskimo syllabics carefully wrote down his orders." The next day he might be away on a seal hunt, or taking the Peterhead boat through the ice on some Company mission. He and his beaming wife were certainly friends to be valued.

Eskimos with their simplicity create many a hilarious incident, and Mrs. Tolboom writes about them in a gentle and almost affectionate fashion. The arrival of the general manager of the Fur Trade, on an inspection trip of the post, also has its amusing moments.

In chapter 10 one reads, with a certain amount of heartache, that the *Nascopie* has struck an uncharted reef, and there will be no Shiptime this year. Naturally, everyone at Port Harrison refuses to believe this incredible statement, but eventually realism has to be met. How Povungnetuk got its supplies that year is dismissed in four lines several pages later, and in the next chapter the author and her husband are celebrating their first wedding anniversary. One gathers that there is little time for self-pity in the Canadian North.

When reading this book it is sometimes necessary to remember that the author was young, recently married, and not accustomed to ocean travel. She was also isolated, the nearest white woman being approximately 100 miles away. Otherwise you may find the names she bestows on certain household articles, and her thoughts on various situations, a little foolish.

Undoubtedly, too, a number of people will wish the book had a map so that the *Nascopie* voyage could be followed.

However, it is a hundred years from now that this book will be relished, because of the homey day-to-day events that are so important to researchers. Unfortunately, books of this type are sadly lacking for the 19th century, but at least it is pleasing to know that future historians will have an account of life at a fur trade post in the late 1940s.

THE LAST PASSENGER, by James Ralph Johnson. Macmillan, Toronto and New York, 1956. 116 pages (illustrated by the author). $2.75.

THE extermination of the passenger pigeon is a story familiar to every schoolboy, a byword wherever wildlife is discussed. A bird whose numberless millions may be surmised by Audubon's description of a single flock flying over him on a front more than a mile wide and 150 miles long—was it possible to wipe it from the face of the earth? The story has been many times told: it would be a difficult undertaking to tell it again and tell it better.

The story of the last passenger pigeon, as Mr. Johnson tells it, though a plausible reconstruction of the life story of a bird now known through desultory records of a past generation, does not, at least to this reviewer, adequately convey the pathos of their passing, the haunting regret inseparable from the question: since they were not all killed by man, where did the last ones go? With a theme so moving, one does not expect nor welcome any digressions, yet here and there through the book are interjections of more or less elementary nature observations—interesting in themselves no doubt, but not essential to the story.

However, the author has collected a good deal of information about the passenger pigeon in this book and anyone not already familiar with the story of this famous bird will find much of interest in it.—*C.T.*

Miss Hewitson is librarian at Hudson's Bay House.

THE STRUGGLE FOR RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT IN THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORIES 1870-1897, by Lewis Herbert Thomas. University of Toronto Press, Toronto, 1956. 276 pages. $5.00.

Reviewed by Margaret Stobie

CONSTITUTIONAL history is not, perhaps, a subject to draw old men from the chimney corner nor young boys from their play, yet throughout the many details of appointments and elections, of councils and committees, of estimates and budgets, there runs the theme of the struggle for the assertion of human dignity that is the core of democratic government.

It is such history, recorded in such details, that Mr. Thomas gives us in *The Struggle For Responsible Government in the North-West Territories*. It is an absorbing story in all its stages, from the appointment of the first Territorial government, consisting of a Lieutenant-Governor and a Council, to the introduction of elected members to the Council, to the admission of Territorial representatives to Parliament, to the establishment of the Legislative Assembly, and finally to the granting of responsible government. As another scholar has said, "The North-West Territories of Canada have gradually passed through almost every stage of political evolution known to the British people," and it is the spectacle of that long evolution caught up and compressed within a very short period of time that gives an unusual excitement to Mr. Thomas's treatise.

The story is highlighted by active resistance, armed rebellion, dramatic resignations, and within the Territorial Assembly itself, by "sectional jealousies, clashing political ambitions, personal dislikes." Accompanying these phenomena like the beating of a sombre drum are the year-in, year-out frustrations emanating from the Parliament at Ottawa. They range from the repeatedly ignored requests of the early Lieutenant-Governors for authority to manage necessary day-to-day affairs (Lieutenant-Governor Archibald discovered that he had not even authority to declare a small-pox quarantine) to the long campaign by the Assembly for the right to control the money voted to the Territories by Parliament. Emerging from the struggle is a surprising number of men of initiative and ability—men like Frank Oliver, Nicholas Davin, and especially F. W. G. Haultain—who felt it reasonable that the people of the Territories should enjoy the same rights of self-government as the majority of them had previously enjoyed in Eastern Canada.

Mr. Thomas has documented the whole account very fully from parliamentary records, from the private papers of federal ministers, and from contemporary newspapers, as well as from the records and private papers relating to the Territorial government which he, as archivist of the Legislative Library of Saskatchewan, has had a rare opportunity to gather and to study. He is clearly a warm champion of Territorial aspirations, and an even warmer champion of F. W. G. Haultain, but there is ample justification for such warmth. At the same time, Mr. Thomas notes the many influences and events which plagued Parliament and which served further to becloud the problems of the Territories.

There will probably always be two points of view—the federal and the western—about the development of the Territories, just as there will always be two points of view—the imperial and the Canadian—about the development of Canada. The one is the view of men engrossed in widespread affairs; the other is the view of people determined to reassert the principles of democratic government. Each of them is valuable. Mr. Thomas's book, together with C. C. Lingard's *Territorial Government in Canada*, which brings the record up to the achievement of provincial autonomy in 1905, gives us a soundly based account of the western view of an important and fascinating chapter in our national history.

Mrs. Stobie wrote the two articles on the early North-West Territories in the "Beaver" for Summer and Autumn 1955.

FLOWER GROWING IN THE NORTH, by George E. Luxton, University of Minnesota Press, 1956. 311 pages.

Reviewed by F. J. Weir

THIS is a very fine account of all phases of northern floriculture, month by month, written by the gardening editor of the Minneapolis *Sunday Tribune*. The general increase in urban population today coupled with a shorter work week has meant that more people have more leisure time to do gardening. This book should appeal to these people, particularly to those home owners who admit they know little about growing flowers. It is written in a style which makes it easily understood, and yet interest is maintained throughout.

The author lists month by month what to plant, how to plant it and how to care for it, and in a very practical down-to-earth way. The book includes helpful, practical suggestions on control of insects and disease pests. Outdoor gardening in the north is more or less restricted to the summer months, but in Mr. Luxton's book, other chapters supply information on spring preparation, starting seeds

Mr. Weir is Provincial Horticulturist for Manitoba.

indoors, fall clean-up, storage of bulbs and tubers, growing of house plants, and a section on suitable garden reading material.

An intriguing feature in the text is the use of "Grandma says" quotations, taken from his own newspaper columns. Many old-fashioned, but sound bits of gardening information are presented in a very interesting style. The reader will find himself unconsciously leafing through the book to see what Grandma's next suggestion will be. "Grandma," incidentally, used to live near London, Ontario.

In a supplementary chapter on "Notes for the Gardener," the author has included lists of annuals, perennials, shrubs, trees and vines which are recommended for planting in the north, giving heights, blooming periods and other helpful information. Although written for northern United States gardens, practically all of the plants listed can be grown successfully in the agricultural areas of Prairie Canada.

FRANKLIN, HAPPY VOYAGER, by G. F. Lamb. Ernest Benn, Ltd., London, McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, 1956. 282 pages. $7.00.

Reviewed by L. A. Learmonth

READING this book leaves one with the impression that the author has given us a seemingly excellent, and certainly very interesting, biography of Sir John Franklin up to the time of his departure on his last voyage; but that from there on he writes with some bias, and has rather twisted his story at times to make it fit in with a strange theory of Rear-Admiral Wright's* in support of which not the slightest scrap of real evidence is to be found. This review deals only with the final chapter in the book, describing that last voyage.

Mr. Lamb does not do the Eskimos of the story justice, and is very unkind to Dr. Rae whose fine efforts he consistently belittles. He repeatedly suggests that Rae and his men should not have received the British Government's award of £10,000 for being the first to reveal the whereabouts of Sir John's lost expedition, and the way of its tragic end, even though his discovery pointed the way to all later searchers such as McClintock, Hall, Schwatka and others, who in turn verified his findings, and each other's.

The theory that the ship found and plundered by Eskimos at Ootloolik, south of King William Island, was McClure's *Investigator*, which had been abandoned 700 miles away off Banks Island in 1853, requires as wonderful a stretch of the imagination as the supposition that the two ships seen adrift on an ice floe off Newfoundland in 1851 were Franklin's *Erebus* and *Terror*. It is a theory based on Wright's extraordinary assumption, that Eskimo reports of the body of a large white man with big teeth, found on board the Ootloolik wreck, referred to the *Investigator's* figurehead—although its design is not known. Just as if the astute Eskimos, some of whom had often visited John Ross's expedition in the *Victory* between 1829 and 1832, would not have known the difference between a ship's wooden figurehead and the body of a human being!

Consider, too, that of all the relics recovered by the Eskimos from the Ootloolik wreck, or elsewhere, such as silver spoons, forks and plates, etc., and obtained from them by Rae, McClintock and others, there was no single item bearing any but the crests or names of Franklin, his men or his ships.

As for the reliability of these Eskimo tales, if the favourable opinion of such fur trading landlubbers as Paddy Gibson, and others I could mention, or police officers, and missionaries, who know well the descendants of the tellers of these tales, is discounted, then surely Knud Rasmussen's cannot be so treated:

"Arviligjuarmiut [Pelly Bay and South Boothian Eskimos] still had many recollections of their first meeting with white men [Ross 1829-32] and the sober manner in which they told of these experiences, now [1923-4] almost a hundred years old, is good evidence of how reliable the Eskimos can be as narrators if only they have to deal with people that understand them. . . . If particular reports of these expeditions are turned up the ancient verbal traditions will be found to be in the best agreement with the books."

On page 264 the author has Dr. Rae travelling down Great Fish (Back) River to Boothia when he discovered the whereabouts of the lost expedition. Rae however reached Boothia overland by way of Repulse Bay, and never travelled Back River. Mr. Lamb further imagines a boat party leaving the lost ships and attempting to get to Fury Beach by way of Bellot Strait—at a time when that strait wasn't even known to white men! Our armchair critic also becomes somewhat incensed at Dr. Rae for mentioning evidences of cannibalism on the last Franklin expedition, and shows his unfamiliarity with the Eskimos when he writes: "The rumours [*sic*] should have made Rae highly suspicious, for charges of cannibalism were apt to be made by natives when they themselves had guilty consciences; they were evidently not aware that it is not a practice indulged in by highly disciplined British sailors." Neither, for that matter, is it an Eskimo practice, especially in their own country, where seals and fish abound.

Mr. Learmonth has been a close student of the Franklin disaster for several years, "on location" as well as in the library.

*Wright, Noel, *New Light on Franklin*, London, 1949.

Had the author included in his reading Paddy Gibson's article in the *Beaver* of June, 1937, and the Hudson's Bay Record Society book on *Rae's Arctic Correspondence*, he would have obtained a much clearer picture of Franklin's last voyage and Rae's part in discovering his fate.

AUTUMN ACROSS AMERICA, by Edwin Way Teale. Dodd, Mead and Co., Toronto and New York, 1956, 386 pages. $6.50.

Reviewed by Clarence Tillenius

FROM Cape Cod on the Atlantic to Point Reyes on the Pacific, for 20,000 miles the "migrating Teales" followed the autumn across America. One could wish that all who travel this continent could bring to the scenes they traverse, minds as richly equipped to savour the joy of the open road as Edwin Way Teale—writer, naturalist and photographer.

Each of us has probably at one time or another had the experience of hearing a brilliant lecturer take a subject usually regarded as commonplace and by his talk hold the audience spellbound. The hackneyed theme in his hands reveals facets and fascinating side-lights never suspected by the listeners. Something like this happens whenever you dip into a book by Edwin Way Teale. His readers number a mighty host but for those who do not know him a random paragraph from the book may give some indication of his feeling for the world around him, and his gift to describe:

"As we rode through the silence I remembered how years before . . . I had set down the things I would most want to see and hear and experience in the natural world during a last day on earth. And I fell to considering again the beauty of the world, so hard to think of leaving, and all the things I would want most to have during a last night in the out-of-doors. . . . the song of a whip-poor-will, the calling of a katydid, Orion glittering aloft, the smell of new-mown hay at dusk, the mellow music of snowy tree crickets, aurora shimmering in the northern sky, lowland mist shot through with the weaving lights of summer fireflies, the perfume of violets, the sound of a train whistle far away in the night—these, all of these, but more than any of them the moon and the light of the moon—shining on breaking waves along the shore, extending a path across a forest lake, glittering on crystalline fields of winter snow—the moon bringing to the world and the night time the never-ending wonder and magic of its light."

For many travellers their pleasure in the book will be enhanced when every now and then they chance upon Mr. Teale's description of a place they themselves have seen. This book will be read and re-read; not less for its text than for the fine photographs which enhance it. It is a book for all, but particularly for those who love the far places, for surely the mysterious call of the unknown breathes in these words . . . "seen close at hand these far-away heights might have been like other hills—their magic gone. Now we would always remember them as we saw them at that moment, through haze and beyond the wide expanse of the Columbia river, a kind of Never-Never-Land to recall and dream about, mysterious, enticing, far off and unattainable."

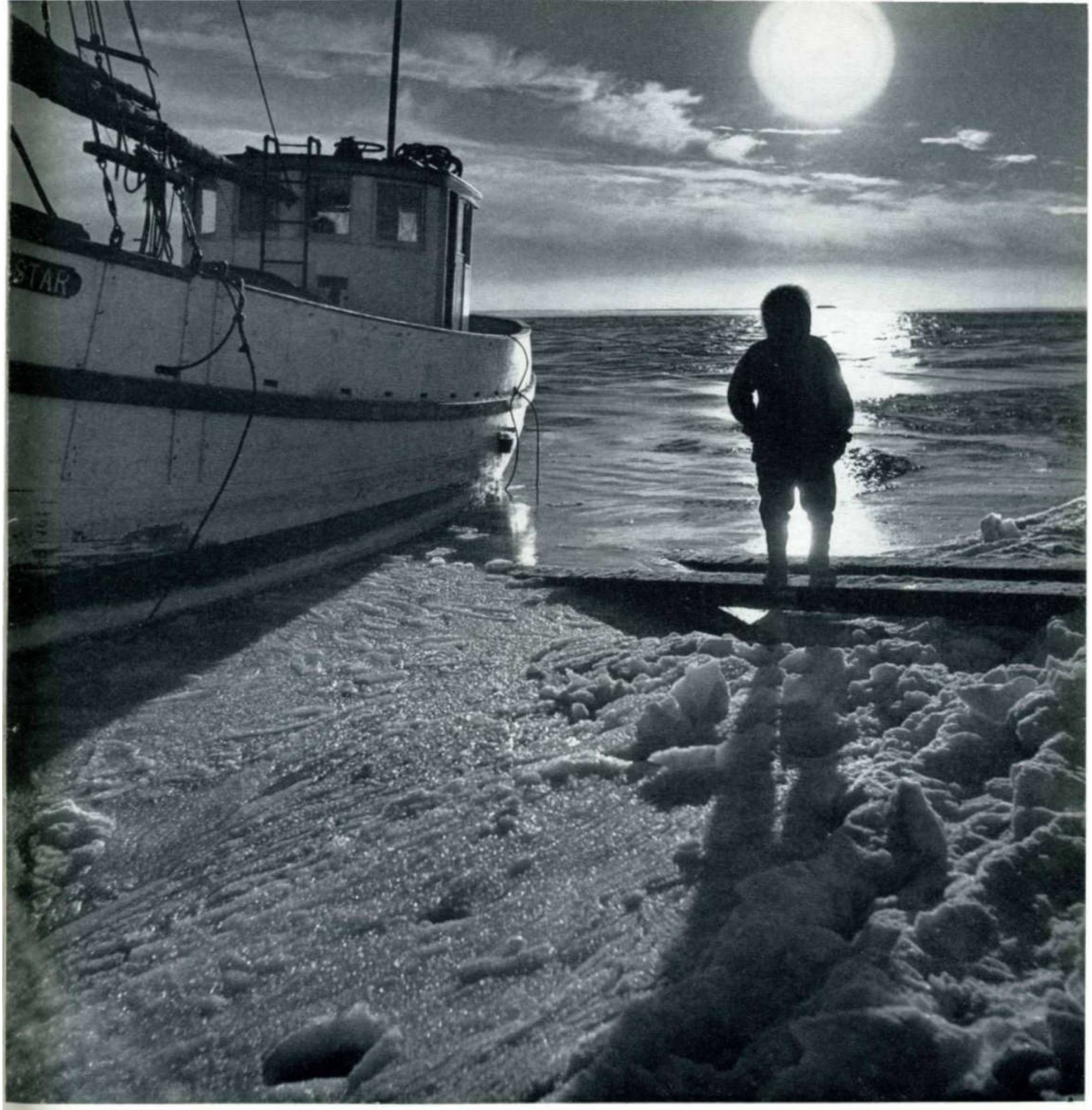
Mr. Tillenius is well known to "Beaver" addicts for the products of his pen.

THE FRIENDLY FORCE, by Douglas Spettigue. Longmans, Green, Toronto and New York, 1956. 134 pages. $2.75.

A BOOK for the young reader, introducing the R.C.M.P. That it is for the young is implied principally in the high moral tone with which most chapters end. There are interesting chapters on the police training schools, scientific laboratory work, modern mechanization of the force, marine and air divisions. Examples of cases solved, and descriptions of lonely patrol work spark the imagination.

The Mounties are a force of which all Canada is rightly proud. The achievements of a small number of courageous, highly trained, and modest men are a constant inspiration. It is a pity the book is marred by careless and equivocal statements.

The story of the Great March of 1874, when the small N.W.M.P. brought law to the west, is well told. But the statement that they saved the West for Canada denies the contribution of those who preceded them, as does the expression that "the Mounties are the North." There are more serious misstatements: about Riel; that in 1867 there was no way anyone could cross Canada; that photography was discovered less than a century ago; that Stefansson sailed through the Northwest Passage in 1903-6. And in a picture, the famous H B C ship appears as the "RCMP boat *Nascopie*."—*M.B.*



Picture for a hot day. Freeze-up on the Arctic Ocean. Gabriel Gely

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